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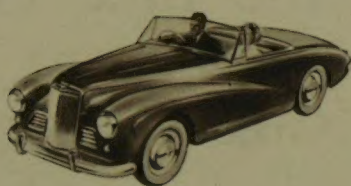
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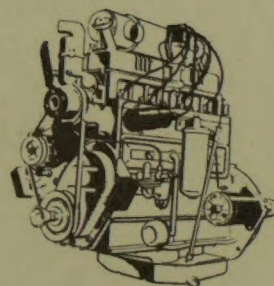
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NOVEMBER

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

To the townsman, the sounds of winter are not very different from the sounds of summer. The pneumatic drill does not alter its note as the evenings draw in; the cry of the news vendor is not, like that of the peewit, stilled by an unfathomable impulse to migrate. But in the country the two seasons make very different impacts on the ear. Summer is never silent. Most of its sounds, like those on Prospero's island, "give delight and hurt not", though from this category we must exclude those made by wasps and thunderstorms.

Winter has a much more limited repertoire. Perhaps it is because they so often present themselves against a background of silence that we acquire a relish for its noises. The ring of an axe in the woods: the huntsman's horn across the valley: the grating, confidential call of partridges settling down for the night—when we grumble about the winter we do not grumble about these. And though writers, seeking to create a cheerless and forlorn atmosphere, often invoke the moaning of the wind in the eaves, not even the most provocative of them has attempted to suggest that this sound is half so dispiriting as the patter of rain on the roof of the cricket pavilion.



Banking makes no sounds like these. Only the subdued chatter of accounting machines and the clink of coins marks the unceasing service which the Midland Bank provides throughout the year to townsman and countryman alike.

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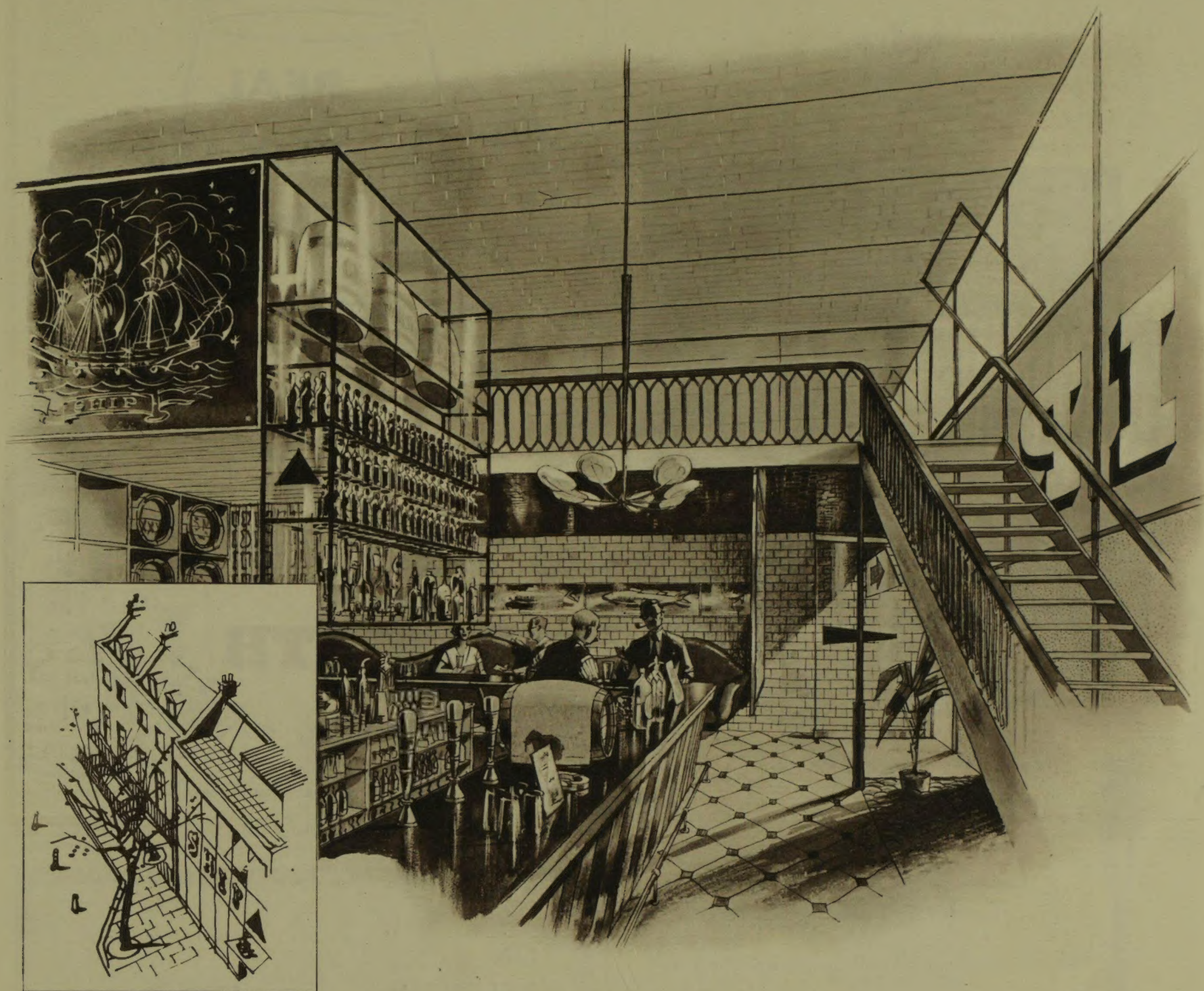
ESTABLISHED

1772



Imperial panel, carved in red, green and brown lacquer. From the Summer Palace, Pekin.
Ch'ien Lung, 1736-1795.

Length 5 ft. 3 ins., height 3 ft. 2 ins.



Convivial Glass

To design a brand-new public house presents an architect with a considerable challenge. He will want to take advantage of modern methods and materials and yet use them so as instantly to suggest the word 'pub' rather than 'hygienic drinking parlour'. Mr. C. Wycliffe Noble, A.R.I.B.A., of Gooday and Noble (Architects) has designed a *glass* pub as warm and richly characteristic as any favourite Victorian rendezvous.

In fact, several Victorian features have been introduced: notably the screen hanging from the mezzanine ceiling (seen edge on) which is a double mirror acid-etched with a decorative motif, the iron balustrade with its mahogany hand-rail and the recessed panels containing stuffed fish.

The outside wall at ground floor level is of semi-obscuring Spotlyte glass. The middle area is glazed with $\frac{1}{4}$ " Rough Cast glass and carries the pub name, sand-blasted, coloured and fired. The upper wall and transoms are of $\frac{1}{4}$ " Polished Plate glass. Entry is by an Armourplate glass door with a generous black push-bar for safety.

Inside the main bar a brilliant-cut mirror ship sign fixed high on the wall

face recalls the glitter of the old pubs, whereas the treatment of the counter frontage—it is faced with strips of toughened glass, coloured alternately light and dark—is essentially modern. The display behind the counter is framed in black metal, with shelves of $\frac{3}{8}$ " Polished Plate glass; the triangle is Flashed Ruby affixed to the plate glass.

From the suspended ceiling of glass slats above the mezzanine floor hangs a brass chandelier with Opal glass bowls. The ceiling itself is of Flashed Opal glass slats suggesting a deep cut pattern after the fashion of the old 'Lincrusta' design, and the suspended ceiling (below the gallery) is of Brown Antique Seedy glass.

The whole of the front, two ceilings and many fittings—why was glass used for these? Because, at a very economical price, glass can be chosen from an immense variety of colours, textures, patterns and strengths. Because it can look very beautiful, warm and gay. Because it can allow light—in any degree—to come through. Because it is clean and fresh. It's a splendid building material . . . glass.

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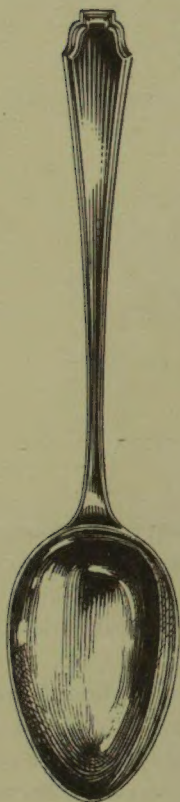


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SATOUR



If you have vivid recollections of last winter's great freeze-up, why risk another period of chilly misery this winter? Take a trip to South Africa where every day is filled with warm sunshine, and there are many interesting and exciting things to do and to see.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1954.



THE RADIANT QUEEN IN YORKSHIRE: HER MAJESTY AT SHEFFIELD, RECEIVING SIR RONALD MATTHEWS, A PAST MASTER CUTLER. ON HER RIGHT, THE EARL OF SCARBROUGH, ON HER LEFT, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

The first day, October 27, of the Queen's tour of the West Riding, covered visits to Barnsley and Rotherham; and culminated in the great reception at Cutlers' Hall in Sheffield—a brilliant occasion, portrayed by our Artist on pages 796-797. For this reception, given by the Lord Lieutenant of the county, the Earl of Scarbrough and the Lord Mayor (Alderman J. H. Bingham), and attended by 600 notabilities of the West Riding, the Queen wore the Star and

Ribbon of the Garter on a dress of pale lemon tulle, adorned with sprigs of mimosa; and between the presentations in Cutlers' Hall, she appeared on a specially-built balcony on the portico of the hall, which was floodlit in the darkness, and here—a vision of Royal splendour—was greeted by the delighted cheers of a great crowd assembled outside. Other photographs of the Royal tour in the North appear elsewhere in this issue.

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THE ROYAL TOUR OF THE WEST RIDING: YORKSHIRE WELCOMES H.M. THE QUEEN.



AT BARNSELY, ON OCTOBER 27: THE QUEEN (WITH, TO THE RIGHT OF HER, THE DUKE) ACCEPTING FROM THE MAYOR A MODEL PIT TUB CONTAINING BARNSELY COAL.



DRIVING ROUND THE CRICKET GROUND AT BRADFORD, WHERE THEY HEARD THE MASSED CHOIRS OF BRADFORD SCHOOLS SING YORKSHIRE SONGS: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE.



ACCEPTING A BOUQUET FROM A FOUR-YEAR-OLD GIRL AT ROTHERHAM, WHICH SHE AND THE DUKE VISITED ON OCTOBER 27: THE QUEEN.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh began their two-day tour of the West Riding at Barnsley on October 27, and were enthusiastically greeted by cheering crowds as they walked from Exchange Station to the Royal dais before the Town Hall. Over 12,000 children crowded into the main streets of Rotherham to welcome the Royal couple when they stopped there for some 20 minutes. In the afternoon Sheffield was reached, where events included a visit to Sheffield Wednesday Football Ground



RECEIVING A GIFT OF WOOLLEN DRESSING-GOWNS FOR THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND PRINCESS ANNE: HER MAJESTY AT BATLEY, WHICH SHE VISITED ON OCTOBER 28.



CHEERED TO THE ECHO BY CROWDS OF JOYFUL PEOPLE, INCLUDING MANY CHILDREN: THE QUEEN AND THE MAYOR, FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE, WALKING TO DEWSBURY TOWN HALL.



WATCHED BY THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON OCTOBER 27: THE SPLENDID DISPLAY BY 3000 CHILDREN ON SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY FOOTBALL GROUND.

for a display by 3000 schoolchildren; and a call at the English Steel Corporation Works. Her Majesty later inaugurated the jubilee session at Sheffield University, and said how greatly she and the Duke were enjoying the tour. In the evening she and the Duke attended the reception at Cutlers' Hall (illustrated by a drawing by Bryan de Grineau on pages 796-797). The tour concluded on October 28 with visits to Dewsbury, Batley, Morley and Bradford.

THE QUEEN IN NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM: EPISODES OF THE ROYAL TOUR.



(LEFT.)
AT SUNDERLAND: THE QUEEN SHELTERING
UNDER AN UMBRELLA, WALKING WITH THE
MAYOR, ALDERMAN MRS. JANE HUGGINS, WITH
WHOM SHE HAD TAKEN TEA.



(RIGHT.)
OUTSIDE THE MANSION HOUSE, NEWCASTLE-
UPON-TYNE: THE QUEEN STANDING ON THE
ROYAL DAIS FROM WHICH SHE TOOK THE
SALUTE AT THE PARADE.



THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE (LEFT) AT TYNEMOUTH: THE SCENE IN THE BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED PLAZA, WHERE A NUMBER OF PRESENTATIONS TOOK PLACE.



INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE 4TH/5TH BN. THE ROYAL NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS (T.A.):
HER MAJESTY AT NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.



SMILING AFTER ACCEPTING A BOUQUET FROM AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD
GIRL: THE QUEEN OUTSIDE WALLSEND TOWN HALL.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh concluded their tour of the North of England on October 30, when they visited Northumberland and Durham. The weather was not kind; and for over an hour the Royal car proceeded in heavy rain, with the interior light on. Earlier, in spite of the rough wind, the Royal pair had driven with the hood down. From Whitley Bay, the tour took the Queen and her husband along the coast to Tynemouth, Wallsend, and on to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where her Majesty inspected a guard of honour of men

of the 4th/5th Bn. the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers (T.A.), before she and the Duke lunched with the Lord Mayor and Corporation in the Mansion House. In the afternoon they visited Gateshead, Jarrow, South Shields and Sunderland, and so great were the cheering crowds assembled to greet them that they were over half an hour late before reaching the last engagement of the day at Sunderland, where, after taking tea with the Mayor, they rejoined the Royal train after the Queen had inspected a guard of honour outside the station.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

HOW beautiful London can be in October! and how exceptionally beautiful it has been this year! An indisposition had kept me out of it for nearly three months—a longer period than I had been absent from it for several years—and I was astonished on my return to find how much my heart warmed to it, though before leaving the country I had been sad at the thought of returning. I was fortunate in coming to it by what to-day is its most beautiful point of entry, whether by road, rail or river, for it is one that sets one, as it were, in a flash at its very centre. A century and a half ago there were other as famous and perhaps as beautiful approaches to the metropolis; when Byron's "Don Juan," reversing the course of the Canterbury pilgrims, caught his first glimpse of London, he did so from Shooter's Hill, on the Dover Road:

"A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,
Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
Could reach, with here and there a sail just skipping
In sight, then lost amidst the forestry
Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping
On tiptoe through their sea-coal canopy;
A huge, dun cupola, like a foolscap crown
On a fool's head—and there is London Town."

To-day that classic traveller's view of London has long been obscured by houses and the town's growth. But the approach of the railway traveller from the south-west—the way the Americans come from Southampton—fully compensates for it. Between Clapham Junction and Waterloo one sees, in the course of a breathless minute, the heart of the empire bared. There, beyond the river, lie the Abbey and Westminster Hall, the Government offices of Whitehall and the wonderful silhouette of Big Ben and Barry's Houses of Parliament. Much has been written against English nineteenth-century Gothic architecture, and, *pace* its eloquent and discerning champion, John Betjeman, a good deal of it, I think, justly. Yet, though I was brought up to regard it without very much enthusiasm, I have come with the passage of years to admire Barry's *tour de force* more and more, and to see it, not merely as the embodiment in stone of our parliamentary creed and history, but as one of the great buildings of the modern world. Touched by sunset, floodlit at night, glimpsed as a vast, only partly visible wraith in rain or fog, seen in the most ordinary circumstances at any time of the working day, in whatever light or at whatever hour, it is always magnificent and always uniquely itself. After St. Paul's it seems to me to be almost London's greatest building, unsurpassed even by Wren's glorious Greenwich and noble Chelsea Hospital, or by Kent's delicate and lovely masterpiece, the Horse Guards. Imagine it gone, and its true place in London's architectural economy becomes immediately apparent. Whatever its interior absurdities, it confronts the world with the majesty and timeless dignity of the institution it houses. To see it from the train as one enters the imperial capital along the Surrey shore is to understand Pitt's proud sentence, "We shall stand till the day of judgment," or echo Swinburne's lines—uttered just twenty-three years ago at the end of his Budget speech by a pale-faced Chancellor in a tense and silent assembly under these very towers and pinnacles:

"All our past proclaims our future:
Shakespeare's voice and Nelson's hand,
Milton's faith and Wordsworth's trust
In this our chosen and chainless land,
Bear us witness: come the world against her,
England yet shall stand."

Yet her buildings, however dear to us, are only a part of London's beauty. She is a city of mist and atmosphere, a murky child of water commercing with clouds. At her heart lies the river, and one sees it, alike at its most majestic and magical, at Westminster. One does not only need to see it as Wordsworth saw it, as he crossed it on his way to France on a June day in 1802, at dawn, wearing the beauty of the morning, "all bright and glittering in the smokeless air." It is just as beautiful on a murky November noon, with the traffic roaring over Westminster Bridge above and the water's dark surface turgid with the discharge of Europe's greatest city. It was another poet, James Elroy Flecker, who, a century after Wordsworth, recalled under Grecian skies the smoking wheels of Charing Cross,

"And with what sweep at Westminster
The rayless waters run."

Yet even more than the river, even more than the buildings of Parliament Square, the grave dignity of Queen Anne's Gate, the bright paraded autumn flowers in St. James's Park and the ceremonial splendours of Mall and Palace, the two things that gave most delight to a returning Londoner this autumn were its all-pervading sense of liberty in order and its equally all-pervading

trees. We take the life of London so much for granted that we forget the miracle of it all; the centuries of struggle and effort, human wisdom and even stronger human habit that have produced a city population so effortlessly ordered, so well-mannered, so tolerant and good-natured as that of London. Despite the restraints and regulations of our over-populated, war-vexed era, there is probably no place in the modern world where a man can still feel so free, so much the master of his time and destiny as in this vast city. Provided he observes the easy and decent conventions of the place—no more than are necessary for the preservation of the liberty and happiness of others—he can go where he pleases and do what he pleases without the least interference, or even observation, by his uncensorious neighbours. Perhaps it is because I have lived in it, on and off, for more than half a century and feel so much at home in it, despite its many changes, that I am conscious of this atmosphere of liberty; a sense of its being at once intimate and impersonal that is London's peculiar charm for all those who live in and love it. "The character of its inhabitants," Osbert Sitwell has beautifully written, "never changes... Royal in their politeness, ostentatious—even the poorest—in their generosity, unequalled in their courage, unsurpassed in their originality. In spite of the immense foreign influence brought to bear on London for so many centuries, the people are the very essence of the country. Rich and poor are alike in their courage, in the continuity of their conduct and in their determination..."

City-bred, they have the countryman's humour, identical, sharpened only by an additional tolerance and quickness. An immense love of liberty, a feeling for the best of life, inspires them. In their humour there is a sort of wise gravity that no other people knows, a consciousness, too, of the sacred idiosyncrasy of every human being that is typically English.* It may seem, perhaps, presumptuous and even a little absurd to generalise in this way about the people of any city, yet the moment one's feet are on its pavements after absence one feels the truth of Sir Osbert's eulogy. London is a school of life where "manners makyth man": greater than Winchester, greater than Eton, greater than any part of the training that makes the whole.

As for London's trees, never, I think, have they been more beautiful than this October—beautiful in their colour and contrast, in their ever-moving, dancing grace, itself a mirror of the human freedom passing in street and park below. On St. Crispin's Day, which is also Agincourt and Balaclava Day, I walked in Hyde Park to see the elms in their last summer majesty before the fall of the leaves. The limes—rather uninteresting trees in winter—were already bare, but the elms still retained the fullness of their midsummer foliage, softened and glorified by the myriad colours of autumn. Indeed, this tree is always beautiful, even in the depth of winter, owing to its great height and the exquisite tracery of its branches, while its dark trunk, made even darker by fog and soot, is perfectly suited to London's melancholy yet gentle and kindly pattern of misty light and shade. It is an extraordinary irony that in an age when we permit a quarter of a million of our people to be injured every

year by fast-moving motor-traffic on the roads, authority is everywhere cutting down these noble and most English of trees because of a billion-to-one chance—for it is no more—that a falling branch in a winter gale may injure a passer-by. Trees, like men, must die, and where their usefulness as timber has alone to be considered, as every forester knows, they must be cut down in their prime. But their lives in the hands of nature are very long, and where, as in a London park, they are grown for beauty alone, their splendour and usefulness to the community can be continued by wise management for centuries. There can be few cases—even after such improvidence as the prolonged failure until the present spring to re-plant the yawning gaps in Hyde Park's avenues—where it becomes really necessary to break the skyline of a town park before sufficient successors have grown up to take the place of the trees that have to be felled. To avoid such a social disaster calls for only a moderate degree of forethought and sense of proportion in the planning authority. The beauty of Central London's parks is a priceless national asset; it ought to be most carefully preserved. Never again, one hopes, will it have to be subjected to such drastic and clumsy mass-felling as that which last winter destroyed for half a century the beauty of one-half of Kensington Gardens and, but for Sir David Eccles's care and trouble, would not only have impoverished but have destroyed the other. Those who argue that towns should only be beautified by small, flowering fruit-trees, that blossom for a fortnight in spring and remain almost featureless for the rest of the year, seem strangely blind to London's natural beauty. We can only be grateful to the men of old who gave her her dower of plane and elm, and raised, in Rotten Row and on the banks of the Serpentine, what is perhaps the noblest arboreal skyline in Christendom.

* "Sing High! Sing Low!" Osbert Sitwell, p. 179. (Macmillan.)



UNVEILING A NEW PORTRAIT, PAINTED BY MR. FRANK SLATER, OF HER DAUGHTER QUEEN ELIZABETH II.: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, WHO PERFORMED THE CEREMONY AT THE CANADIAN CLUB, NEW YORK.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, during the first official engagement of her visit to the United States, was entertained to luncheon, on October 27, by the Canadian Club, which is on the eighteenth floor of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. Before the lunch began, her Majesty unveiled a new portrait of the Queen painted by Mr. Frank Slater, an Englishman living in New York. In thanking the members of the Club for their welcome, the Queen Mother said that she was very glad to have been able to unveil the new portrait of the Queen. "I know that she will be delighted to hear that her portrait is to hang here in this great city of the United States, Canada's close neighbour and good friend."



LOOKING AT NEW YORK FROM THE TALLEST BUILDING IN THE WORLD: THE QUEEN MOTHER WITH OFFICIALS AND OTHERS ON THE 86TH STOREY OBSERVATION PLATFORM. LATER HER MAJESTY WENT TO THE 102ND STOREY.

THE QUEEN MOTHER'S VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES: NEW YORK SCENES.



AT BIBLE HOUSE, THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY: THE QUEEN MOTHER LOOKING AT A FIRST EDITION OF THE KING JAMES VERSION OF THE BIBLE WITH DR. ROBERT T. TAYLOR, SECRETARY OF THE SOCIETY.



ADDRESSING THE DISTINGUISHED GATHERING AT THE DINNER GIVEN BY COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY: THE QUEEN MOTHER AT THE WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL ON OCTOBER 30.



ARRIVING IN THE RAIN TO VISIT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART: THE QUEEN MOTHER WITH MR. F. H. TAYLOR, THE DIRECTOR OF THE MUSEUM.



IN ACADEMIC ROBES: THE QUEEN MOTHER WITH DR. GRAYSON KIRK (LEFT), PRESIDENT OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY; AND DR. ADENAUER (RIGHT), THE FEDERAL GERMAN CHANCELLOR.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother arrived in New York on the afternoon of October 26, for a private visit. The liner *Queen Elizabeth*, in which her Majesty travelled, was twelve hours late in docking, owing to bad weather. The Queen Mother received a warm and affectionate welcome before leaving by car for Wave Hill, at Riverdale, the residence of her hosts, Sir Pierson and Lady Dixon. Her Majesty carried out a full programme of engagements with her characteristic interest and enthusiasm and was as obviously delighted by New York as New York was by her. On October 27, after lunching at the Canadian Club, where she unveiled

a portrait of Queen Elizabeth II., the Queen Mother visited the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and in the evening saw a popular musical comedy called "The Pajama Game." On October 28 her Majesty attended a private luncheon of the Pilgrims of the United States, and she unveiled a large painting by Mr. Frank Salisbury of the opening of the Festival of Britain in 1951 by King George VI. On October 30 and 31 the Queen Mother fulfilled her major engagements in the United States when she attended a dinner given by Columbia University, and took part in a convocation held in connection with the University's bicentenary.



UNVEILING THE NEW EAST WINDOW: H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL IN THE PARISH CHURCH OF SOUTHWOLD, SUFFOLK.

On October 24 H.R.H. the Princess Royal attended morning service at Southwold Parish Church and unveiled a new east window, by Sir J. Ninian Comper, in memory of St. Edmund, King and Martyr. The window replaces one destroyed by bomb-blast during the war.



COMMEMORATING THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ENTENTE CORDIALE: LORD BESSBOROUGH.

On October 29 Lord Bessborough, Chairman of the Franco-British Society, unveiled on the outside wall of the French Embassy, Albert Gate, a plaque marking the fiftieth anniversary of the Entente Cordiale. The plaque is of Portland stone, with incised and gilded lettering.



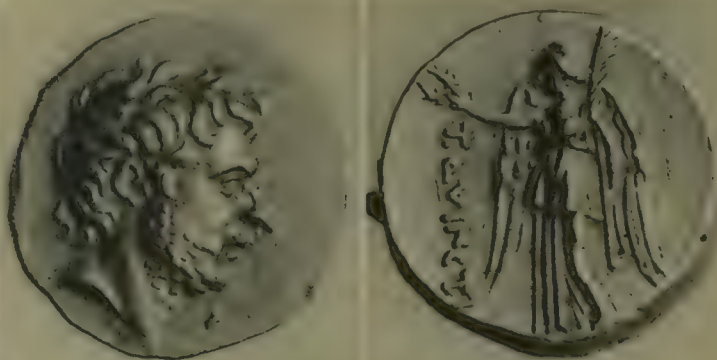
WITH ITS NEWLY-RECONSTRUCTED SEVEN-ARCH STONE ROOF: THE BANQUETING-HALL OF GUILDHALL.

The banquetting-hall at Guildhall—which is to be the scene on November 9 of the Lord Mayor's banquet—is now resplendent with the new stone roof designed by Sir Giles Scott and the new lighting system constructed to his designs.



CELEBRATING HIS NINETY-THIRD BIRTHDAY AT A DINNER IN HIS HONOUR: MR. H. A. VACHELL.

On October 30, the 93rd birthday of Mr. H. A. Vachell, the novelist and playwright—and old contributor to *The Illustrated London News*—was celebrated by a special dinner given in Bath by the Bristol and Bath Wine and Food Society.



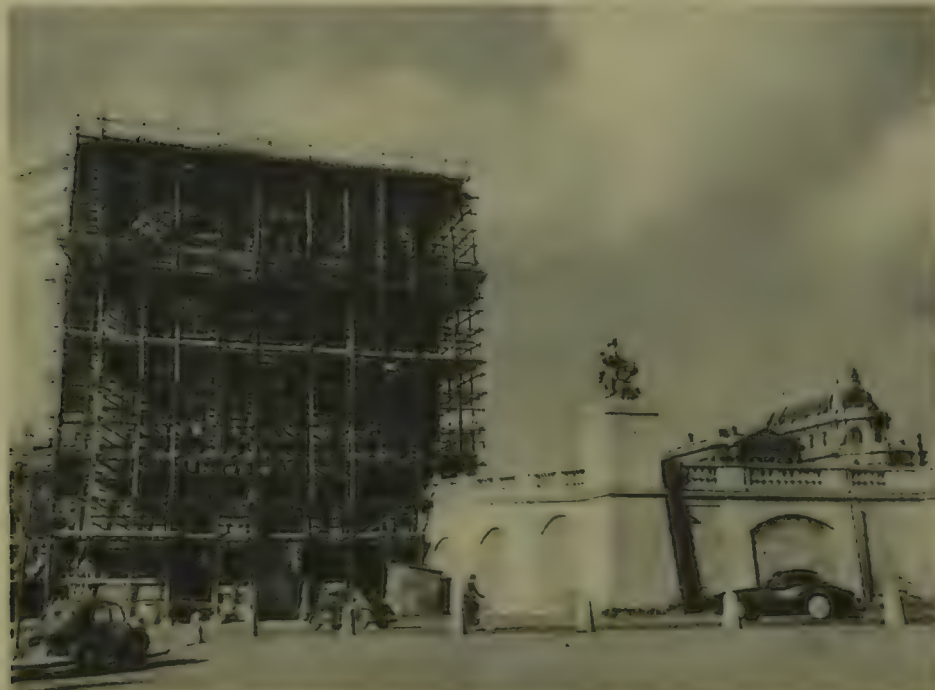
THE SECOND EARLIEST ROMAN GOLD COIN: THE STATER OF FLAMININUS, RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The British Museum has recently acquired a truly magnificent example of one of the great rarities of the Roman coinage, a gold stater with the portrait and name of T. Quinctius Flamininus, the Roman general who defeated Philip V. of Macedon at the Battle of Cynoscephalæ in 197 B.C. The obverse bears the portrait of Flamininus, bare-headed and lightly bearded; on the reverse stands Victory, holding wreath and palm-branch; in the field of the reverse is the inscription T. QUINCTI. The coin is in extremely fine condition, the best-preserved of the very few specimens known. This gold stater (diam. 2-in. (19 mm.)) with one exception the earliest Roman gold coin, has the distinction of being the first Roman coin to carry the portrait of a living man and furnishes the link between the great Roman Imperial portrait series and the portrait series of the Hellenistic rulers from Alexander the Great onwards. Because of its portrayal of Flamininus, the coin is classed as Roman, though it is, in all else, essentially Greek. Its weight standard (8.44 gm.) is that of the Greek stater and the reverse type is obviously derived from the Victory on the gold staters of Alexander the Great, while the treatment of the portrait is very similar to that of Flamininus' opponent, Philip V. of Macedon.



VISITING FLOOD-DEVASTATED SALERNO: MRS. CLARE BOOTHE LUCE, THE U.S. AMBASSADOR TO ITALY.

Other photographs of the Salerno floods, in which between 300 and 400 persons lost their lives, appear elsewhere in this issue. Helicopters of the U.S. Air Force were volunteered for rescue work in isolated villages.



VERSAILLES IN SCAFFOLDING: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING WORK IN PROGRESS DURING THE CURRENT RESTORATION OF THE GREAT PALACE OF VERSAILLES.

In 1952 it was announced that £5,000,000 was needed to save the Palace of Versailles from neglect and destruction, particularly on account of the bad state of the roof. Grants for its repair were made and work has since gone forward. In January 1954 the Rockefeller Foundation made a special grant of over £100,000 for this purpose.



A "GLOBE THEATRE" TO BE ERECTED AT STRATFORD, CONNECTICUT: (L. TO R.) MR. MAURICE EVANS, MISS KATHARINE CORNELL AND MR. LAWRENCE LANGNER.

A site at Stratford in Connecticut, U.S.A., has been purchased for the building of the American Shakespeare Academy and Theatre Foundation. On it a replica of Shakespeare's "Globe Theatre" is to be built; and a dramatic school and Shakespeare museum opened.

RECORDED BY THE CAMERA: A MISCELLANY OF NEWS ITEMS FROM HOME AND ABROAD.



WELCOMED AT BALTIMORE, MARYLAND: THE QUEEN'S COLT LANDAU, WHICH WAS TO RACE AT LAUREL PARK ON NOVEMBER 3, GOING DOWN THE AIRCRAFT RAMP. The Queen's colt *Landau* arrived at Baltimore, Maryland, on October 28, by air from England, to take part in the Washington International Race at Laurel Park, Maryland, on November 3. *Landau's* flying companion, *King of the Tudors*, was also to take part in the race.



ABADAN OIL FLOWS AGAIN AFTER THREE YEARS: THE ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL CO. TANKER *BRITISH ADVOCATE*, DRESSED OVERALL, LOADING OIL AT ABADAN. On October 30 the tanker *British Advocate* left Abadan for Europe with a consignment of oil. She was the first British oil tanker to leave Abadan since June 1951, when Dr. Musaddiq nationalised the holding of Anglo-Iranian.



TO BE PRESENTED TO SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY BY ALL MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: THE COMMEMORATIVE BOOK. This photograph shows Mr. James Frere, Bluemantle Pursuivant of Arms, discussing the finished commemorative book which is to be given to Sir Winston Churchill, with Mr. William Lovegrove, Registrar's Clerk of the College of Arms. The book was prepared under the direction and supervision of Mr. Frere.



THE RECLAMATION OF THE ZUIDER ZEE: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE CLOSING, ON OCTOBER 28, OF THE DYKE CONNECTING LELYSTAD WITH THE MAINLAND. The dyke connecting Lelystad with the mainland closes the southern part of what will be the third (East) polder of the reclaimed Zuider Zee, Holland. Lelystad, future centre of the five polders, is named after Dr. Lely, responsible for the inception of the scheme in 1918.



TO BECOME BRISTOL'S NEW SHOPPING CENTRE: THE LARGE BUILDING SITE IN HORSEFAIR WHICH WILL REPLACE THE BADLY BOMBED WINE STREET. It is expected that by 1957 work will have been finished on a large site in Horsefair, Bristol, which will make it the town's new shopping centre, replacing Wine Street, badly damaged during the war. The area shown above will be occupied by Lewis's store and Jones's store.



A NEW AIRCRAFT-CARRIER FOR THE ROYAL NAVY: H.M.S. *BULWARK* AT BELFAST. SHE IS SISTER SHIP TO *ALBION* AND *CENTAUR*. The Royal Navy's latest aircraft-carrier, H.M.S. *Bulwark*, was commissioned at Belfast on October 29. The naming ceremony was performed by Lady Granville. *Bulwark* was built by Messrs. Harland and Wolff and launched in June 1948.



DISPLAYING HIS MODEL OF THE *NEWPORT NEWS* AT THE BRIGHTON AND HOVE MODEL ENGINEERING EXHIBITION: MR. G. H. DAVIS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST. Mr. G. H. Davis, whose drawings are so well known to our readers, has constructed a scale model of the U.S. heavy cruiser *Newport News* from plans and other information supplied by the U.S. Bureau of Ships. The hull is of steel, and the steering is radio-controlled.

THE CRIMEAN WAR—AN EYE-WITNESS ACCOUNT.

"A DIARY OF THE CRIMEA"; by GEORGE PALMER EVELYN. Edited, with a Preface, by CYRIL FALLS.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

ANY man bearing the surname of Evelyn might be tempted to keep a diary; any member of the family of John Evelyn, of Wotton, might feel, were he keeping a diary, an obligation to keep a good one. G. P. Evelyn, whose Crimean diary has recently been found in a deed-box at Wotton, was a collateral descendant of Pepys's contemporary, and can certainly hold his own with him. Ours are not the first eyes to encounter it since the eighteen-fifties. In 1871 Kinglake was allowed by the diarist to use it as material for the vast history of that lamentable war on which the author of "Eothen" wasted so many years and such brilliant talents. But that was over eighty years ago; George Evelyn died in 1889, aged sixty-five; and how or when his work found its way to his family's ancient headquarters and the Victorian deed-box is not disclosed, and presumably not known.

Evelyn (whose father was wounded at Waterloo, and died fourteen years later, after being rolled on by his horse) was born in 1823, and was thirty when he began keeping his record. Between the ages of eleven and fourteen he was at Cheam School, for long a famous nursery, but nothing is known about his whereabouts between that time and his appearance as an officer in the Rifle Brigade. Cheam and the Rifle Brigade, as Captain Falls says, suggest Eton or Winchester; but the registers of those colleges know him not, though his youngest brother James was at Eton. He doesn't read like the sort of man to have been "finished" at home by a private tutor, and certainly not like one who would have run away to sea and come home as a repentant prodigal. After all, there were more than two passable schools in England, and it might be worth while to draw a few more covers in the form of the registers of other public schools. Let the school antiquaries join in the search. He really—brave, daring, handsome, honest, intelligent, independent—would be a prize worth bagging.

As an officer in the Rifle Brigade he served in North Africa and the Cape of Good Hope, and took part in the Boer War of 1848. But by the time that he was thirty he was out of the regular Army (why, is not divulged; he loved the Green Jackets and consorted with them whenever he could in the Crimea) and held a commission in the Royal Surrey Militia, which involved a couple of months training a year.

Then, with war being waged in the Balkans between Russia and Turkey, and Britain still struggling to keep out of it, he suddenly set out for the front, presumably as "an authorized tourist or spectator." Nothing could be more abrupt than the opening of his diary. This is the first entry, the whole of it: "Tuesday, Dec. 13th, 1853. Left London by 8.30 p.m. train, arrived at Folkestone at 11 p.m. Slept at the Pavilion." The journey out, by train, diligence, and ship, afforded him a good deal of discomfort and amusement—and he was happily able to draw the second out of the first. As he goes, also, his entries expand, his pen becomes more fluent, his character sketches more ample. When he arrived, after his first visit to the Balkan front (he was briefly recalled for his tour of duty with the militia), in the Crimea, he rose, as Captain Falls says, to all the great occasions. He describes finely the tremendous storm which wrecked so many ships in Balaklava Bay, blew all the tents down, and exposed to bitter weather and hunger the men and horses whose food and raiment

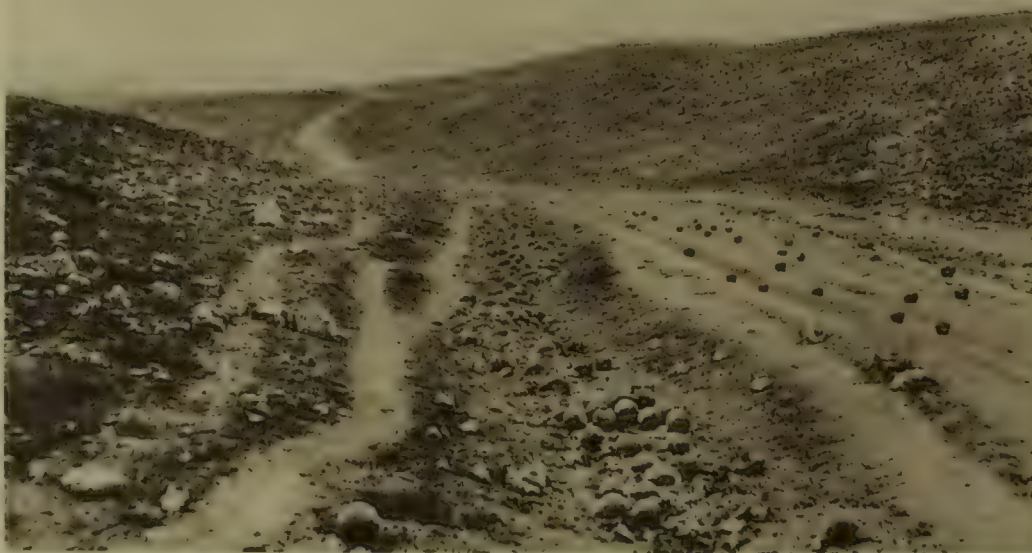
(which might have been landed, but red tape prevented it) were sunk with those ships. He gives good accounts, carefully collected at second hand, of the great charges in which he did not participate, and that utterly confused battle of Inkerman in which he did. But his adequacy of description was not held in reserve until he was "stormed at by shot and shell."

On his first voyage out he went on a shooting trip in the Island of Mitylene, and his account of this I had rather quote than all the later descriptions of the bloody Crimean events so often described, of which he heard or in which he participated. In an odd capacity, it may be added. He had contrived to become a Lieut.-Colonel on the Turkish Staff, with British pay, and Turkish rations, which consisted of

"Certainly," he begins, in relating that episode at Lesbos, "the French don't shine as sportsmen; I shall never forget our shooting expedition to the island of Metellin. We landed there a party of five, armed in various manners. My plain Westley



THE AUTHOR OF THE "DIARY OF THE CRIMEA," WHICH IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: GEORGE PALMER EVELYN (1823-1889) IN 1873. George Palmer Evelyn, who kept the Diary of the Crimea reviewed on this page, was born in 1823, and was thirty years of age when his record began. He was a collateral descendant of the diarist John Evelyn, and his Christian name was that of John Evelyn's grandfather and elder brother. He died in London in 1889 at the age of sixty-five, and was buried at Wotton.



AFTER THE BATTLE. IT IS NOT CERTAIN WHETHER THIS OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE SCENE AFTER BALACLAVA OR INKERMANN, BUT THE AMOUNT OF CANNON BALLS SEEM TO INDICATE THAT IT WAS PROBABLY THE LATTER.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "A Diary of the Crimea"; by courtesy of the publisher, Gerald Duckworth and Co., Ltd.



A GUN EMBLACEMENT.

This photograph and the one above are two of the official photographs of the Crimean War by Fenton and Robertson—being some of the earliest photographs ever taken, and are reproduced by kind permission of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

"rice, biscuit, and grease." It was a long time before he actually worked with the Turks; during the period of all the great battles he was a rover, wearing British uniform and a fez, and, as his luck went, marching with his old regiment, or charging with the Scots Greys or the Chasseurs d'Afrique. He is good on the battles; acute on the ghastly maladministration; tender-hearted and indignant about the undeserved suffering, and eloquent about the deeds of individual heroism. Yet, as I said, his purely literary gifts may be better illustrated by that passage about the entirely civilian shoot, during which he seems to have been in graver peril than ever he was at Alma or Inkerman.

Richards was thrown into the shade by the decorated stocks and slings displayed by my companions. The little doctor carried a machine much larger than himself, which he carried so clumsily as to recall painfully to my mind sundry unpleasant reminiscences of pellets of shot, which clumsy sportsmen have occasionally favoured me with. I almost wished [my italics] myself a partridge to insure comparative safety. I felt however somewhat relieved on finding that he was totally unprovided with ammunition. The Captain's son was provided with a tool somewhat longer than a horse pistol. The passenger, who bragged a good deal about his shooting adventures in the far west, and who evidently had handled a gun before, appeared the safest companion, so I chose him for a comrade, and we started together after having loaded the Doctor's gun for him. We had not proceeded far when we heard a heavy fusillade behind us, which only caused us to quicken our steps, but presently the little Doctor

came running up to me to ask for another charge. He carried his butt trailing on the ground, the muzzle about the height of my breast, one barrel discharged, the other on full cock, and in his left hand a tom-tit, or some other bird of about the same size. He was in great glee at his success and put the muzzle almost in my face in demanding another charge. I ducked instinctively on seeing the condition of his firelock and, requesting him to hold it steady, stooped down and dexterously uncocked the loaded barrel. After giving him what he wanted, I directed his attention to a flight of small birds which had gone over the brow, making bold to tell him they were very good to eat, as I supposed they were in French estimation, knowing well they number owls among their edibles. I have seen the latter hanging up in a poulterer's shop at Marseille. The French passenger turned out an imposter. However good he might have been in America, he did not excel in the Archipelago. . . . The pilot managed somehow to kill a partridge and was considered a great chasseur in consequence. On our return the Captain said to him, 'Ah, monsieur le pilote, à vous la palme.'

The jests about owls and tom-tits might have impressed me more before the last war. At the height of the meat shortage I saw the shop-window of a fashionable London poulterers with a heron as centrepiece, plovers as "surround" and, in the foreground, I suppose as something rich and rare, the carcass of a stoat. Who bought it, and what sort of dainty they thought it was, I do not know.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 813 of this issue.

* "A Diary of the Crimea." By George Palmer Evelyn. Edited, with a Preface, by Cyril Falls. Illustrated. (Duckworth; 12s. 6d.)



LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON : ADMIRAL LORD MOUNTBATTEN OF BURMA, WHO HAS BEEN APPOINTED FIRST SEA LORD.

Admiral Lord Mountbatten of Burma who, like his father before him, Prince Louis of Battenberg (later Marquess of Milford Haven), has been appointed First Sea Lord, is only fifty-four, the youngest First Sea Lord since Lord Beatty was appointed in 1919, at the age of forty-eight. Admiral Mountbatten, who succeeds Admiral of the Fleet Sir Rhoderick McGrigor, is at present Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean, and is expected to take up his new appointment in March next year. Since entering the Royal Navy as a cadet in 1913, Admiral Mountbatten has distinguished himself in many branches of the Service. During World War I. he served aboard Admiral of the Fleet Lord Beatty's flagship, and in submarines. Later he specialised in all branches of electronics, becoming Fleet Wireless Officer, Mediterranean Fleet, 1931-33. In World War II. he was in command of the destroyer *Kelly*; the

5th Destroyer Flotilla, and the aircraft-carrier *Illustrious*. He won the D.S.O. in 1941 and was twice mentioned in dispatches. In 1942 he became Chief of Combined Operations and the following year was appointed Supreme Allied Commander in South-East Asia. In 1947 he was appointed Viceroy of India, and was the first Governor-General of the Dominion of India. He then returned to service with the Royal Navy and became successively Flag Officer Commanding, First Cruiser Squadron, Mediterranean Fleet; Fourth Sea Lord and, in May 1952, C.-in-C. Mediterranean Fleet. Early last year he became C.-in-C., Mediterranean, under the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. Admiral Mountbatten married, in 1922, the Hon. Edwina Cynthia Annette Ashley, elder daughter of Lord Mount Temple, and has two daughters.

Exclusive portrait-study by Karsh of Ottawa.

A TSETSE FLY DRAWN TO THE SAME SCALE AS A COMMON HOUSE FLY.



A TSETSE FLY.

A COMMON HOUSE FLY.

THE TSETSE FLY SPREADS DISEASES, SUCH AS SLEEPING SICKNESS, BY SUCKING THE ORGANISMS FROM THE BLOOD OF AN INFECTED SUBJECT, DEVELOPING THEM IN ITS SALIVA, AND PASSING THEM INTO THE BLOODSTREAM OF ANY MAN OR ANIMAL UPON WHICH THE FLY HAPPENS TO FEED.



PROBOSCIS THRUST INTO THE FLESH.

HUMAN FLESH.



MAP OF AFRICA SHOWING THE FOUR MILLION SQUARE MILES (IN DARKER SHADING) INFESTED BY THE TSETSE FLY.

TYPES OF REGIONS IN AFRICA INFESTED BY TSETSE FLY.



THE GREAT EQUATORIAL FORESTS.



RIVERS AND STREAMS AND OTHER SWAMPY AREAS.



THORN BUSHES (IN THE BIG-GAME COUNTRY) WHERE THE TSETSE FLIES REST AND BREED.

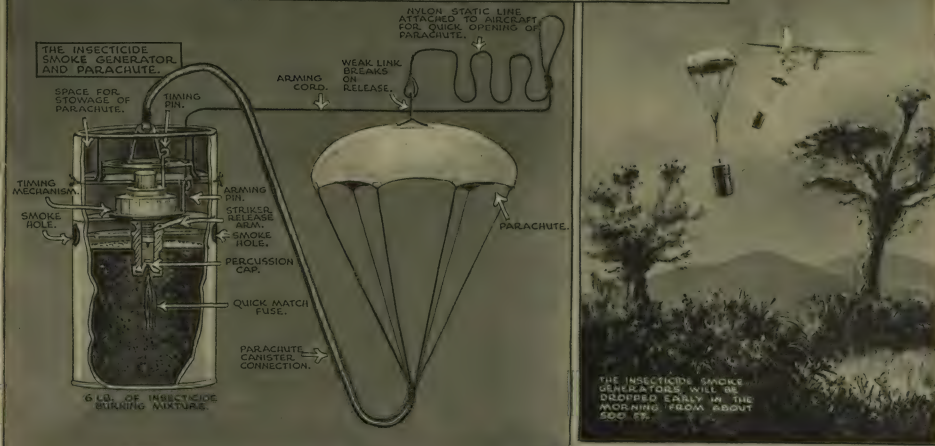
BOMBING THE TSETSE FLY WITH SMOKE CANISTERS: DRAWINGS OF A NEW DEVICE DESIGNED

The Government of Southern Rhodesia has recently issued an appeal for experienced European hunters to help shoot the hundreds of elephants which enter Rhodesia from Portuguese East Africa each year in search of food. This desperate measure has been taken because it has been proved that elephants bring with them the tsetse fly—Africa's most active carrier of disease. In the past four years 5000 head of cattle have died in one native reserve alone. As remote areas on the Southern Rhodesian borders are opened up, thousands of elephants will have to be destroyed. In the meantime, at the

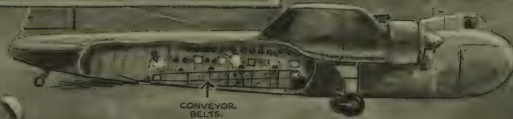
request of the Colonial Office and the Ministry of Supply, Tiltman Langley Laboratories Limited, of Redhill Aerodrome, are developing a means of waging aerial warfare on the fly. Experts are investigating the possibility of dropping insecticide smoke generators over the vast area of Central and East Africa, amounting to some 4,000,000 square miles of potentially fertile land, where the tsetse fly lives and breeds and carries death in the form of sleeping sickness to man and *napaga* to domestic animals. Because the fly normally breeds under the cover of foliage, to spray the insecticide from the air

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF THE TILTMAN LANGLEY

THE PROPOSED METHOD OF "BOMBING" THE TSETSE FLY.



A BRISTOL FREIGHTER MAY BE USED TO DROP THE SMOKE CANISTERS, CONVEYOR BELTS FACILITATING THE DROPPING. 1285 CANISTERS WILL BE DROPPED PER 12 SQUARE MILES.



CONVEYOR BELTS.

HAVING FORECAST THE METEOROLOGICAL CONDITIONS MOST SUITABLE FOR SPREADING THE SMOKE THE CLOCKWORK MECHANISM IN THE "BOMB" WILL BE SET TO IGNITE THE INSECTICIDE MIXTURE AT THE TIME FORECAST.



G. H. DAVIS 1954

TO STAMP OUT THE PEST WHICH INFESTS FOUR MILLION SQUARE MILES OF AFRICA.

would obviously be ineffectual. As illustrated by our Special Artist above, the plan of attack is to drop smoke canisters, under small parachutes, from a Bristol Freighter aircraft flying at about 500 ft. and at a speed of between 120 and 200 m.p.h. In this manner about 1285 canisters could be distributed over an area of 12 square miles in 1½ hours. Time fuses would cause the whole pattern to ignite at the same moment, and to coincide with a forecast of the most suitable meteorological conditions for the area. Generators dropped during the day would be set to explode at night, when there are

no strong convectional currents to dissipate the smoke. Over 100 flights have been made at Redhill Aerodrome to test the efficiency of the smoke generators, and it has been found that, with the aid of the parachute, they can be dropped on concrete without sustaining serious damage. A later development may be the use of a radio-controlled fuse in the smoke generators. A pattern could then be laid and ignited by remote control when meteorological conditions were known to be exactly right. The time fuses at present in use can take advantage only of forecast conditions.

LABORATORIES LIMITED, REDHILL, AND THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

ONCE asked a young B.B.C. producer why it was that the B.B.C. broadcast so much on subjects connected with defence to European audiences and so little to those at home. He looked at me as though I were an imbecile before answering: "Because the British audience pays and is therefore given the minimum of what it doesn't want to hear, whereas the European audience does not pay and can therefore be given the maximum of what is considered good for it to hear." I should, of course, have been able to work that out for myself. Like the man in an office who keeps on shuffling the letter with the awkward problem to the bottom of his "in" tray, we are prepared to embrace almost any subject that may keep defence a little further away. Even when we do approach it we often do so by way of some irrelevancy. Apart from the Prime Minister, Field Marshal Lord Montgomery is almost the only man who can induce very large numbers of people to attend to what he says on the subject and can give it, for once, a foremost position in the popular Press.

He can do so, too, in an unobtrusive way, a lecture to the Royal United Service Institution, something which has, as a rule, not the slightest impact upon the general public. On October 21 he delivered an admirable lecture, with the rather unhappy title, "A Look through a Window at World War III." What he had to say created a great deal of attention, and naturally so, because he was forthright, outspoken, and critical. He said some hard things about the ideas and actions of the partners in the North Atlantic Treaty. He left no doubt about their misconceptions of the task before them.

He put forward views, some of them likely to prove controversial, about the rôles and equipment of the three fighting Services. Above all, speaking at a time when a great change in the pattern of warfare has clearly become established, he had much of interest to say about its nature and requirements. His first appeal was to professional minds, but all was so simply and clearly put, and at the same time so challenging to the imagination, that it extended far more widely.

Until a relatively short time ago the effect of atomic weapons on warfare could be studied only with regard to strategy. These weapons did not appear to be well suited for direct attack on armed forces. Now, however, that great progress has been made, and more is certain to follow, in the conception and production of tactical atomic and thermo-nuclear weapons, the situation is very different. Intense study has been directed upon this new development, both round office tables and in the open air on manoeuvres. It has already become clear that the result will be modifications in the armament, organisation, transport and tactical methods of armed forces. In some cases these modifications ought to have been considered earlier because, even leaving the new dangers out of account, it had become obvious that fighting forces were becoming choked and over-burdened with material of all kinds and must be lightened. In some respects they were actually becoming less mobile than those of the age of horse-transport. The latest call has been so insistent that it could not be disregarded.

Lord Montgomery pointed out that a group had been working for a year on the subject of reorganisation and had now reached the stage at which its conclusions called for the co-operation of national authorities. Thus the whole problem, strategic and tactical, has been assembled. Organisations such as N.A.T.O. and the nations participating in them, have to consider at once the effects of the new weapons in both fields. In the strategic they are concerned mainly with the great bombs and the reaction of their use against ports, railway centres, and the home bases, their capitals and industry—civil defence; in the tactical their interest lies in the newer tactical atomic weapons and their effects on armed forces engaged in fighting. In the latter field the demand is for heightened mobility, wider dispersion, and, said the Field Marshal, livelier and more opportunist battle leaders than the West was at present producing. The public is not likely to hear more than the general principles in this case, because most of the rest is "top secret." The strategy required is more obvious—though at the same time more difficult—and therefore less secret.

Lord Montgomery stated that air power had become the dominant factor in war and that its most important characteristic was its flexibility. The Western nations had, however, in his view, sacrificed flexibility to direct support (of the sister Services), whereas their aim should be the achievement of the greatest possible measure of air control. Failure there meant loss of a war. Yet he rubbed in the lesson that it was not only sea and land forces which required to practise dispersion. Air forces needed to do so also. He spoke of the danger of the "enormous runways" of to-day, and said that new aircraft, including those with "vertical lift," would be wanted for small runways. An effective global warning system must be developed; otherwise a terrific surprise blow might cripple the air

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. CHANGING PATTERN OF WARFARE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

strength of a nation or a league in a matter of hours. Either must be in a position to absorb a surprise blow, against both its air power and its whole community, if it was to continue the struggle.

Turning to naval forces, Lord Montgomery said that the control of the Atlantic was as momentous as it had ever been. For this purpose naval forces were required and they needed their own air forces. In confined waters, such as the Mediterranean, he did

their assent in a certain measure.

For land warfare he laid down the necessity for active peace-time forces, not requiring mobilisation. Their task would be to make it impossible for the potential enemy to launch an attack without a "build-up" in preparation for it, a move which would become known to the defence. This is the only possible policy and, as regards attack by land forces, as satisfactory as can be found in the circumstances. What I regard,

rightly or wrongly, as an uncovered risk, is that of a surprise air attack, without land "build-up," of such weight and destructive power as to dislocate the whole defence organisation. In this case, even if the dislocation were only temporary, it seems possible that the enemy's land forces already in positions of readiness would suffice for the launching of an offensive with a prospect of success. The land forces in such positions are by no means inconsiderable. Behind these active forces were needed "post M-day forces," reserves which would require mobilisation and must have at their disposal a sufficient administrative organisation.

Other points made by Lord Montgomery were that armies must have "air lift" ready in case their conventional lines of supply should be put out of action, that they themselves must be capable of being moved rapidly by air, and that, tactically, they must be taught to employ effectively "nuclear fire-power" in combination with the operations of "stream-lined" land forces. He emphasised the importance of Civil Defence, and said that no N.A.T.O. country had, so far as he knew, evolved a sound system. At a guess, I should have said that Norway, in proportion to its means, had the best. Yet the Civil Defence problem is one requiring more discussion than he gave it. Here one is not working in the dark. Theoretically it would be possible to make a country pretty well atom-bomb-proof by known means. But

it would cost the country its whole income and most of its labour. The problem is not, therefore, what would be needed for safety but how much can be afforded and in what directions the expenditure and effort should be made. This is a bewildering and dreadful subject of calculation, and there are no outward signs that it has been completed.

My main comment on this lecture is that it reveals clearly the trend of thought of the Eisenhower administration and of our own Government, which is radically different from that of only two years ago. [Atomic warfare becomes conventional. All operational thought and planning is now based on it. The cutting down of the United States Army and that of our own—the Americans having, as is their way, announced what would happen in clearer terms than ourselves—fits into the picture. We have not taken quite the line to which Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John Slessor would lead us, but we have got close to it. Lord Tedder, whose views are pretty extreme, said at the lecture that, broadly speaking, he agreed with all that the Field Marshal had said. The United States can truly say that it has not gone over to "push-button" warfare, but it has certainly approached closer to it. And it may be taken that we ourselves are doing the like.]

Is this inevitable? It possibly is. Yet I would in all seriousness call attention to one implication. If we make atomic warfare conventional, if we integrate it to this extent into the very structure of our armed forces, do we not render the cause of abolition, to which we all give at least lip-service, practically a lost cause? Do we not make it virtually certain that in any future large-scale war, atomic weapons will be unleashed from the first? I am inclined to think we do. We find the Press, sometimes the same newspaper, accepting one day the programme of the so-called "New Look" and the next gravely discussing the means of banning atomic weapons. I suggest that the two programmes are incompatible. Moreover, the decision in favour of the new policy is not wholly military. It has something to do with American dislike of service abroad and the desire to decrease the weight of it. One cannot reproach the Americans, who have made incredible efforts for Europe's salvation, but there it is.

I return to my B.B.C. acquaintance. If the country heard or would listen to more discussion on these matters it might understand them better than it does. It is not for one in Lord Montgomery's position to tell it these things; he did his part in telling it clearly what was being done militarily; not the political reasons why it was being done. The path which has been followed may have been the inevitable one, and I am not prepared to argue the contrary. Yet it would be a mistake to lie under an illusion about the direction in which it is likely to lead.

THE END OF ALLIED MILITARY GOVERNMENT IN TRIESTE.



GOING OVER THE NEW DEMARKATION LINE WITH HIS A.D.C.: MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JOHN WINTERTON (L.), FORMERLY BRITISH MILITARY GOVERNOR AND COMMANDER IN TRIESTE. In the early hours of October 25, the new frontier between Zones A and B of the Free Territory of Trieste came into effect. That evening General Winterton, British Military Governor, broadcast a farewell to the people of Trieste, expressing his earnest hope that the agreement reached on October 6 would initiate a new era for the future development of the beautiful city.



THE LAST OF THE ALLIED TROOPS QUIT TRIESTE: THE SCENE ON THE CROWDED WATERFRONT AS, IN POURING RAIN AND TO THE SOUND OF CHEERS, THE LAST U.S. TROOPS LEFT ON BOARD AN AMERICAN TRANSPORT.

Arrangements had been made for a farewell ceremonial parade to be held on the waterfront of Trieste port on October 26. But with the arrival of Italian troops, such excitement ensued that the Italian cordon was broken, crowds 20,000 strong invaded the waterfront and the programme had to be abandoned. It was then arranged that General Winterton, General Dabney, the U.S. Commander, and General Renzi, the newly-appointed Italian Governor, should meet at the Hotel Excelsior, but even this proved impossible. A hostile demonstration by an apparently Fascist crowd who whistled and shook their fists at H.M.S. *Roebuck* arose when she left her anchorage; but cheers greeted the American transport when she drew out of harbour with the last U.S. troops on board. Thus the British forces left Trieste after a nine-year trusteeship, with a hostile demonstration as their only farewell.

not consider the latter were required. He thought the time was coming when the control of the seas would be the province of air forces, but admitted that it had not yet come. Yet he expressed the hope that no more expensive carriers would be built. A less provocative approach would have been that air forces were not yet ready to take control of the Atlantic, but at some

A FAMOUS WEST COUNTRY PUBLIC SCHOOL: SCENES AT CLIFTON COLLEGE, BRISTOL.



WAITING ON THE PARAPET: BOYS STANDING NEAR THE STATUE OF EARL HAIG (1861-1928), WHO WAS AT SCHOOL AT CLIFTON COLLEGE.



IN THE CHAPEL: BOYS WAITING TO FILE OUT AFTER THE DAILY MORNING SERVICE. BOYS IN THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL ATTEND THE COLLEGE CHAPEL ON SUNDAYS.



IN THE DINING-HALL: OVER 600 BOYS AND MASTERS HAVE THEIR MEALS IN BIG SCHOOL. THE FEEDING ARRANGEMENTS ARE MADE BY A QUALIFIED CATERER.



LISTENING TO AN ADDRESS BY THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE: A MEETING IN THE HALL OF ONE OF THE COLLEGE BOARDING HOUSES.

ONE of the best-known public schools in the West of England is Clifton College at Bristol. The school does not celebrate its centenary until 1962, but as a fairly extensive building programme is to be carried out it is of interest to Cliftonians, past and present, as well as to many others to record the school as it appears to-day. Photographs of some of the buildings, and aspects of life at the school, appear on this page and on pages 794 and 795. Clifton College, founded in 1862 and incorporated by Royal Charter in 1877, is governed by a President and Council. The school, which was founded without any general endowment, is completely independent. At the present time there are over 500 boys in the Senior School, with a teaching staff of forty-five, and 250 boys in the Preparatory School, with a teaching staff of twenty. The school is in the happy position of being not only on the outskirts of a large city but on the edge of some of the most beautiful country in the West of England. It stands above the city of Bristol, high above the Avon Gorge, and within easy reach, across the suspension bridge, of the Leigh Woods and open country, to which the boys have free access. The list of Old Cliftonians includes men who have distinguished themselves in many fields—the late Earl Haig; the late Field Marshal Lord Birdwood; Sir Henry Newbolt, the poet; Sir Arthur T. Quiller-Couch ("Q"), the poet and author, are but a few of those whose names are known throughout the world.

SITUATED HIGH ABOVE THE AVON GORGE, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF BRISTOL: CLIFTON COLLEGE.



A BIG SIDE GAME: THE FIRST AND SECOND RUGGER FIFTEENS AT PRACTICE ON THE CLOSE. SCHOOL HOUSE AND THE WAR MEMORIAL GATEWAY CAN BE SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND.



THE DIRECTOR OF MUSIC REHEARSING WITH THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA. THERE ARE TWO OR MORE SCHOOL CONCERTS DURING THE YEAR, AND A FLOURISHING MUSICAL SOCIETY.



AN ANCIENT SPORT IN WHICH THE SCHOOL MAINTAINS A KEEN INTEREST AND WHICH TAKES PLACE THROUGHOUT THE YEAR: FENCING; SHOWING A CLASS IN PROGRESS.

IN 1862, when Clifton College was founded, it was the object of those who started the school, which soon won its place among the great public schools, to provide the best possible education at a reasonable cost. The founders determined that while preserving the best traditions of the old public schools, they would provide greater variety and make fuller provision for the growing demands of modern life. This broad basis of education is reflected in the history of the school and the great variety of fields in which Old Cliftonians have distinguished themselves. The school is unique in that it is the only public school in England to have a special house, Polack's, for Jewish boys. Clifton was probably the first

(Continued opposite.)



IN THE OLDEST OF THE BOARDING HOUSES: A SCENE IN SCHOOL HOUSE HALL. SCHOOL HOUSE WAS BUILT IN 1862.



FOUNDED IN 1862, AND INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER IN 1877: CLIFTON THE FIRST AND SECOND RUGGER FIFTEENS



A WOODWORK CLASS IN THE WORKSHOPS. HERE BOYS MAKE DESKS, BOOKCASES AND OTHER ARTICLES OF FURNITURE UNDER INSTRUCTION.



THE CLASSICAL UPPER BATH: THE HEADMASTER, MR. N. G. L. HAMMOND, TEACHING THE FORM FROM THE DESK USED BY THE FIRST HEADMASTER.



COLLEGE, BRISTOL—A VIEW OF THE MAIN SCHOOL BUILDINGS; IN THE FOREGROUND CAN BE SEEN AT PRACTICE ON THE CLOSE.



NAMED AFTER THE FIRST HEADMASTER: THE PERCIVAL LIBRARY WHICH, IN ADDITION TO SOME 10,000 VOLUMES, HAS A FINE COLLECTION OF AUTOGRAPHS.

AT CLIFTON COLLEGE: ASPECTS OF WORK AND RECREATION AT AN ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOL.



THE WAR MEMORIAL GATEWAY: MANY BOYS PASS THROUGH THE ARCH ON THEIR WAY TO AND FROM SCHOOL. THE GATEWAY BEARS THE NAMES OF 855 OLD CLIFTONIANS WHO FELL IN THE WORLD WARS.



USED BY GENERAL OMAR BRADLEY AS HIS OFFICE DURING THE PRELIMINARY PLANNING OF THE D-DAY OFFENSIVE: THE AMERICAN ROOM IN SCHOOL HOUSE.



IN THE SCIENCE SCHOOL, THE GIFT OF OLD CLIFTONIANS, WHICH WAS OPENED IN 1927 BY H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES: A BIOLOGY CLASS IN PROGRESS.

(Continued) school to organise day-boys on the same lines as boarders. They are divided for purposes of games and of discipline in two Houses, are under the same rules as boarders, and, as a result, have always formed an integral part of the school. Towards the end of World War II, the school was occupied by the American Army, and a room in School House has been set aside to commemorate this. The American Room, as it is called, was used by General Omar Bradley as his office during the preliminary planning of the D-Day offensive. This term the school has a new headmaster: he is Mr. N. G. L. Hammond, D.S.O., M.A., who has succeeded Mr. H. D. P. Lee, who has been appointed to Winchester College.



A BRILLIANT AND BEAUTIFUL HIGHLIGHT OF THE ROYAL TOUR OF THE WEST RIDING: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AT THE GREAT RECEPTION IN THE CUTLERS' HALL, SHEFFIELD.

The brilliant close of the first day of the Queen's tour of the West Riding of Yorkshire was the great reception given by the Lord Lieutenant of the West Riding (the Earl of Scarborough) and the Lord Mayor of Sheffield (Alderman J. H. Bingham) in the Cutlers' Hall, Sheffield. This is the hall of the Company of Cutlers in Hallamshire, or, to give them their full title, "The Master, Wardens, Searchers, Assistants and Commonality of the Company of Cutlers in Hallamshire in the County of York"—an ancient Company, which was incorporated in 1624.

On the evening of October 27 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arrived at the hall, where they were greeted by the Earl and Countess of Scarborough and Alderman and Mrs. Bingham. Many presentations were made: first, the twenty-seven Deputy Lieutenants and their ladies in the Regency Room and the civic heads of the West Riding in the long Drawing Room; and then the Queen moved to the balcony, where she was greeted by a roar of cheering from the crowd outside. After this her entry into the Great Hall was greeted by a fanfare of trumpets from a

section of the Hall's Orchestra in the Musicians' Gallery (on the right-hand side of the picture); and here the Queen saw the majority of the 600 guests, representatives of various sections of life in the West Riding. Slowly she and the Duke passed down the long hall, accompanied by the Lord Mayor and the Earl of Scarborough, and various presentations were made. This is the moment which our Artist, who was present during the great occasion, has portrayed. The flags of the Commonwealth and St. George hung over the scene; down the centre of

the hall were great banks of flowers; on tiers at each side were the guests, the ladies in brilliant colours, the men in official robes or full evening dress with Orders; and at the far end shone the blazing array of the Cutlers' plate, which includes one of the world's finest collections of candlesticks; and beside this stood the Master Cutler, Mr. W. C. Isherson, who was, a little later, to present from the Company to the Queen a penknife, inlaid with gold; and to the Duke, a yachting knife, and duly received from them the customary copper coins for such gifts of cutlery.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

WHAT a delightful plant is *Salvia farinacea*, and how valuable for cutting. A native of Texas, and a perennial, it is, unfortunately, not quite hardy, and so is best

treated as a half-hardy annual. A bed of it in a neighbouring garden has been a grand sight this late summer and autumn, and even now, in the latter half of October, there are great quantities of the long, slender spikes of violet-blue blossom looking like miraculously colourful heads of lavender. These plants were, I think, started rather late, and so began to flower more than usually late. But now that the worst rigours of summer are over, they are making up for lost time, and thoroughly enjoying a spell of mellow Indian summer. Since its first introduction, rather more than a hundred years ago, this *Salvia* has been taken in hand by plant breeders, who have produced a number of distinct and improved varieties, such as the compact "Blue Bedder," etc. The plants from which I have just gathered a vase of flowers are one of the taller varieties, though exactly which I do not know. They have all the appearance of small sage bushes, with narrower, greener leaves, carrying innumerable flower spikes—and more to come, weather permitting—which it almost certainly won't. The flower spikes, carried on wiry stems, look extraordinarily like glorified lavender heads, with slightly larger buds and blossoms, of a fine blue-violet colour. In some cases the spikes are much longer than in any lavender, the flowers continuing down the stem for a distance of 9 ins. or more. The stems carrying the flower spikes are clothed with a close velvety down of the same brilliant blue-violet. A grand flower for picking for the house, and most effective for the herbaceous or mixed-flower border, especially if given that fine *Pentstemon* "Garnet" as an immediate neighbour.

My respect for the little Himalayan *Potentilla eriocarpa* has greatly increased this year. How long it has been in cultivation in this country I do not know, but, personally, I only met it a year or two ago, and at first knew it merely as a neat, dwarf rock-garden plant, with fair-sized yellow flowers on very short stems. What its aspirations were, and what its ultimate habits and behaviour would be, I had no idea. This year I have seen it planted out and established on a rock garden, where it has spread into a neat, close carpet of soft, fresh green, studded with many almost stemless strawberry blossoms, of a pleasant buttery-gold. It has been doing that, steadily, all summer, and is still gay with a good sprinkling of flowers in mid-October. Up to the present, *eriocarpa* has behaved in the most exemplary manner, showing no inclination to ramp and riot as so many dwarf carpeting plants do. Without pretending to be a beauty-queen it has developed into a gracious, well-behaved little rug, tirelessly industrious in the production of its pretty flowers.

Although there are about a dozen species of *Cyananthus*, I have only known two of them personally, though I seem to remember seeing a few others at shows and elsewhere. For many years I grew *Cyananthus lobatus* at my Stevenage nursery without really liking the plant. I neither liked it nor particularly disliked it. But why such indifference I could not say. I grew it commercially—dutifully, as any nurseryman, who is not a complete ass, grows a good many plants which do not inspire him with especial joy. But do not be misled by my lack of enthusiasm for *Cyananthus lobatus*. It's a perfectly good rock-garden plant, related to the Campanulas. From a rather fleshy root-stock it produces a number of slender, trailing stems, at the ends of which come the violet or periwinkle-blue flowers, with inflated calyces clothed with short black hairs. It is especially useful on account of its late summer flowering.

FROM SALVIA TO CELERY.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

The other species—which I like very much more—came to my son under the name *Cyananthus integer*, though I believe its true name is *Cyananthus microphyllus*. In general habit, and also in flower, it is very like *C. lobatus*, but its leaves, clothing the trailing stems, are small, neat, almost heath-like in character. Like *C. lobatus*, it flowers in late summer. I am puzzled to know why, of two plants, superficially so very alike, except their

Now, with the roof removed, they form part boundary of a yard, and are being gradually planted in their perpendicular faces with a very wide variety of plants.

These walls are built of the local limestone, with some curious form of mortar, which has never set hard, but has the texture of marzipan. They are, therefore, delightfully easy to plant. With a knife I merely scoop out a hole, stuff in the roots of any small plant I want to establish, push in some soil, and finish off with a wad of the velvet moss which covers the mortar all over the wall. I planted a small *Cyananthus microphyllus* in this way some months ago. It took hold at once, and already is three or four times its original size. A young specimen of *Gentiana farveri*, planted in the mortar several months ago, now looks the picture of health, and has recently produced three of its trumpet flowers of indescribably lovely sky-blue, pale, luminous, vivid, and with a snow-white throat. But the most promising success in that wall so far is a plant of *Omphalodes luciliae*. Although I only put it in as a youngster from a small pot, about three months ago, it has already formed a hearty tuft of smooth, grey leaves, and several stems, pressed flat against the wall-face, carrying a number of its lovely flowers like enormous forget-me-nots in palest blue. I have never seen *Omphalodes luciliae* in the wild, but judging by the way it has taken to that perpendicular wall, I feel pretty sure that it must inhabit crevices in sunny cliffs and precipices—the sort of places where slugs might rush in, but where goats would fear to tread. When a plant presses back its leaves and its flower stems flat against the perpendicular rock-face of its home, it is a sure sign that it is a true rock-dweller.

A day or two ago I thought what a pleasant thing it would be to honour some good honest cheese—made in England and mature—with a stick of celery. The buying of that cheese marked the dawn of a new era in life in Britain, or rather the re-birth of an old one. I was with my wife when the transaction took place. There were several noble cheeses in the shop, and we hovered between a Cheshire and a Leicestershire—"Perhaps madam would like to try both," said the cheese specialist, carving a nibble for each of us, first of Cheshire, and then of Leicestershire. That took me straight back to household shopping expeditions with my mother, when I was a very small boy.

In those days buying cheese was a matter for careful sampling and deliberation, almost a ritual. In later times cheese-buying became a matter of routine, often almost an afterthought. . . . "Oh, and half a pound of cheese." "Yes, madam, red or white?" "Oh, let me see; yes, red, I had white last time."

Then, with rationing, the homœopathic weekly snippet of cheese came automatically with all the other snippets. Plastic type, and scarcely large enough to bait a mousetrap or physic a snipe. So in honour of two pounds of Leicestershire, a stick of celery seemed to be indicated. I went and looked at my own row of earthed-up celery. A formidable earthwork, over 4 ft. wide at the base, a good 2 ft. high at its apex—and it was raining. I funked it. Instead I went to a bed of what I believe is called self-blanching celery in my son's garden. This I had never tried. The mature plants are very much smaller than ordinary earthed-up celery, and certainly very much easier to dig. In fact, it was not a case of digging. The

plants grow wholly on the surface and above ground. I sliced one off with an ordinary penknife. There was a good deal of outside stem to be cut away, but the white-and-golden heart which remained was crisp, and well-flavoured, and there was just enough for two people for our Leicestershire session.

My earthed-up celery can now wait until it has had the traditional frost on it, and until the mood for Stilton is upon me.



A NATIVE OF TEXAS AND, SO, NOT QUITE HARDY IN THIS COUNTRY: *SALVIA FARINACEA* IN THE IMPROVED VARIETY "BLUE BEDDER." THE FLOWERING STALKS ARE LIKE GLORIFIED LAVENDER HEADS, WITH "BUDS AND BLOSSOMS OF A FINE BLUE-VIOLET COLOUR. . . THE STEMS CARRYING THE FLOWER SPIKES ARE CLOTHED WITH A CLOSE VELVETY DOWN OF THE SAME BRILLIANT BLUE-VIOLET."

Photograph by D. F. Merrett.



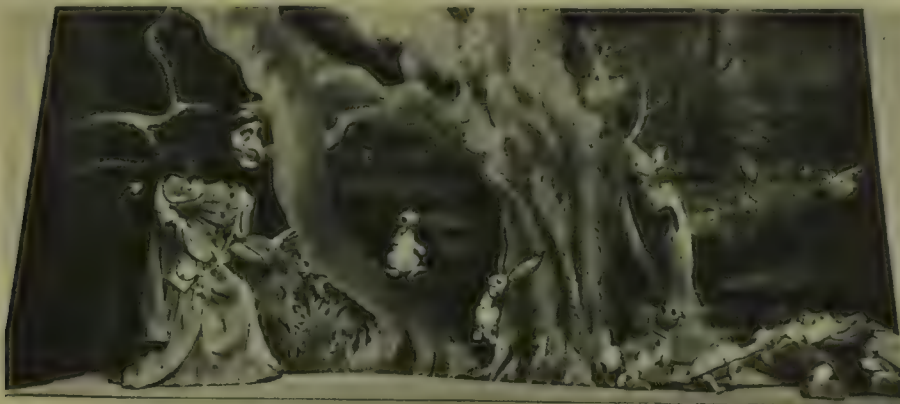
AN AUTUMN-FLOWERING *CYANANTHUS*, PROBABLY *C. MICROPHYLLUS*, IN WHICH THE SMALL, HEATH-LIKE FOLIAGE SETS OFF THE BLUE FLOWERS IN THEIR HAIRY CALYCES.

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

leaves, one should make a very definite appeal to me, whilst the other leaves me tepidly indifferent.

Although the soil usually recommended for these *Cyananthus* species runs to peat, leaf mould and humus generally, I have tried the experiment of planting a young *Cyananthus microphyllus*—alias *integer*—in a wall garden, about which I wrote recently. It is a wall, or rather two walls, which, until a year or so ago, formed the back and one end of an open cow byre.

THE ENCHANTMENT OF PUPPETRY: TINY "ACTORS" IN THEIR STAGE DÉCOR.



SCENES FROM "HANSEL AND GRETEL"; BY THE LILLIPUT MARIONETTE THEATRE. THE WITCH HAS SPIED THE SLEEPING CHILDREN (LEFT) AND (RIGHT) THE GOOD FAIRY IS WATCHING OVER THEM, WHILE FAWNS AND A FROG MOVE UP TO LOOK AT THEM.



"JOAN OF ARC"; BY THE GLANVILLE MARIONETTES, SHOWING THE MAID, WITH THE SAINTS WHOSE VOICES INSPIRED HER. ON VIEW AT THE PUPPET EXHIBITION.



"THE THISTLEDOWN FAIRY," BY MRS. WILLS, ONE OF THE SERIES OF MARIONETTES WITH SETTINGS SHOWN AT THE PUPPET EXHIBITION HELD AT THE ROYAL HOTEL, WOBURN PLACE.



"THE JOKER'S TALE" (ACT I.); BY J. RICHARDSON, ONE OF THE SERIES OF GLOVE PUPPETS WITH SETTINGS, AT THE EXHIBITION.



"UNDER THE BIG TOP"; BY THE WELLS PUPPETS, A REMARKABLY ATTRACTIVE SET OF CIRCUS ARTISTS (HUMAN AND ANIMAL) IN THE TENT DURING A PERFORMANCE.

THE twenty-ninth annual British Puppet and Model Theatre Guild Exhibition, which opened at the Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, on October 25, and is due to close to-day, Saturday, November 6, is a place of enchantment. The Puppets, scenes, stages and photographs on view display the greatest variety of subject and invention; and have come from all over the United Kingdom and also from as far afield as Hong Kong. Marionettes and Glove Puppets with settings, Rod and Shadow Puppets, a Diorama and photographs are included in the display, and the

(Continued opposite.

(RIGHT.) "THREE QUEENS OF ENGLAND, AND A YEOMAN OF THE GUARD"; BY THE LAUREY PUPPETS. THEIR MAJESTIES ARE ELIZABETH I., ANNE AND VICTORIA (LEFT TO RIGHT).



Continued.] demonstrations given frequently in the Puppet Theatre by Guild members (both professional and amateur) have been delighting the parties of schoolchildren visiting the exhibition. The British Puppet and Model Theatre Guild was founded in 1925, with the objects of advocating the practice of the art of puppetry and model theatre, and of improving the standard of the art in all its forms. A special section of the 1954 Exhibition is devoted to "Juvenile Drama," or the Penny Plain and Tuppence Coloured Toy Theatre; and Sir Winston Churchill, to whom the Toy Theatre was a delight in his early youth, sent a message wishing success to the Exhibition. Competitions for various types of puppets were held during its course, and cups and trophies awarded.



ON Monday evening last week I found myself in London and went to the Aldwych to see Christopher Fry's play, "The Dark is Light Enough." On the Tuesday morning I went to the Victoria and Albert Museum to see the exhibition of Rococo Art from Bavaria which had just been opened there with a somewhat muted flourish of trumpets. What, you will ask, is the connection between the two? I have the answer pat—each is first-class theatre, each is most distinguished and each is graced by Miss Edith Evans. In the play she gives a beautiful performance as the Countess Rosmarin Ostenburg; at the V. and A. she plays several parts, notably that of St. Kunigunde, wife of the Emperor Heinrich II., and of the angel in the group of Raphael and Tobias, both life-size carvings in limewood by Günther, whom the English will now surely recognise for the great man he was. I should add that the day I was there, poor Miss Evans, in this last incarnation, was still lying in the hold of a ship at the docks immobilised by the strike, but it is to be hoped that by the time this note appears she will have been rescued: but the photograph here (Fig. 3) will no doubt convince you that my identification is not unreasonable.

To be serious—if it is possible to be really serious when confronted with so lighthearted an exhibition—here is an opportunity to see and wonder at the marvellous works of man as they blossomed—yes, that is the word, blossomed—during the eighteenth century at the Bavarian Court, when money was of no consequence and South German exuberance was determined to outvie the marvels of Versailles. As I have always considered the *Galerie des Glaces* at

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. SOUTH GERMAN GAIETY.

By FRANK DAVIS.

fact, they stand up to the closest scrutiny extremely well and I am pretty sure that everyone will walk away with a new understanding of what these people were trying to do and with a very great respect for their ability—particularly for the sculptors, among whom I must

one of its leading architects, Johann Michael Fisher, recording that, in addition to many secular buildings, he erected no fewer than 22 abbeys and 32 churches."

So much for the background against which painters, sculptors, plasterers and dozens of other craftsmen worked. The V. and A. galleries cannot reproduce that: what they do is to provide the opportunity for coming to terms with individual artists, and of these I think most visitors will come away with the greatest possible admiration for one man, the wood sculptor, Franz Ignaz Günther, who, within the limits of the theatrical outlook of his time and place, bestrides that narrow, luxurious world. Let me confess my ignorance—I knew his name and put him down as a minor amusing confectioner. Now I know better. He's amusing, true enough, but how able, and with what a sense of form and movement and balance! What if his saints are shepherdesses dressed up in pious elegance, his emotions a trifle overstressed, his angels strayed from the ballet, his Virgins, too conscientiously well-groomed and well-mannered, taking part in a fashionable charade! Only the very greatest can escape from the prejudices of their time. Lesser men are content to interpret their age, and this Günther accomplished supremely well. There are nearly twenty works, small and great, from his hand in the show: never before in this country has there been such an opportunity to make his acquaintance. He was born in 1725 and died in 1775.

While all these lively and extravagant miracles were being performed in South Germany, we in this country were becoming bored with our own versions of the rococo style—which in any case was never suited to our temperament. So were the French after about 1760: it was they who invented it and left the Germans to carry it on to its ultimate frivolity. Both of us—ourselves and the French—sobered down and went classical: Pompeii had not been excavated in vain, and Robert Adam had not wasted his time



FIG. 2. KNEELING PUTTO IN LIMEWOOD; BY FRANZ IGNAZ GÜNTHER (1725-1775). (Height 2 ft. 7½ ins.; with made-up base.) This Putto is presumably from the High Altar of the former Benediktiner-Klosterkirche in Mallersdorf, executed by Günther in 1768-1770. Munich; Bayerisches Nationalmuseum.

include that marvellous modeller in porcelain, F. A. Bustelli, of the Nymphenburg factory—the twenty pieces by him alone justify the show. Of these the figures from the Italian Comedy will probably be familiar, if not from knowledge of the originals, at least from many excellent photographs in many excellent books: this bust of Count Sigmund von Haimhausen (Fig. 1) is in a rather different category, for it was worked from a mask and is the only copy made. The Count was mainly responsible for the production of porcelain at the old factory at Neudeck, and for the transfer to Schloss Nymphenburg in 1761. The debt to France is clear enough at every turn, even in the case of such a painter as Georg Desmarées, a Swede, in spite of his name, and Dutch and Italian by training before he became Bavarian Court Painter; clear enough also in the elaborate—over-elaborate—furniture, and revealed yet more definitely in eight gouache miniatures by Franz showing various views of Nymphenburg and other great houses, with their gardens and parks—Versailles all over again with a German accent, designed to emphasize the glory of absolutism.

As Dr. Müller remarks in the introduction to the catalogue, "Ruler and Church, as supreme heads of the social order, concerned to demonstrate publicly their function within the system, used art as one means to this end. . . . The so-called 'Reichen-Zimmer' at the Munich Residenz, the suite of the Elector Karl Albrecht, celebrated from the time of its construction for the elegance and richness of its decoration; the exquisite garden pavilions in the park at Nymphenburg: the immense project of the Würzburg Residenz erected by the Counts of Schönborn, prince-bishops of Würzburg; the great complex of buildings which together make up the Abbey of Ottebeuren. The extent of the movement is illustrated by the inscription on the tombstone of



FIG. 1. "BUST OF COUNT SIGMUND VON HAIMHAUSEN," IN NYMPHENBURG PORCELAIN, MODEL BY F. A. BUSTELLI, WORKING FROM A MASK. c. 1761. (Height 1 ft. 5½ ins.)

Count Sigmund von Haimhausen was President of the Academy, Director-General of Mining and Director of the Nymphenburg Factory, which owed its great development to him. Bustelli modelled this bust—the only copy made—working from a mask. (Munich; Bayerisches Nationalmuseum.)

Versailles revolting, you will not expect me to go into ecstasies over the interior of the Munich palaces as shown in excellent photographs on the stairs: to our insular puritan eyes, the French generally knew where to stop, the Germans never. But if the general appearance of these apartments and chapels seems over-rich and tiresome—and I'm sure many who read this must share my prejudices—the individual pieces, when not composed by expert wedding-cake confectioners, are gay and lively and vigorous and occasionally—just occasionally—sincere, though even so, when hearts are worn, they are nearly always on the sleeve.

At this show you are spared what may well seem the overwhelming richness of the *décor* and can enjoy each object in isolation: some will say that's not fair to them. In



FIG. 3. THE HEAD OF THE ARCHANGEL RAPHAEL; BY FRANZ IGNAZ GÜNTHER (1725-1775), DETAIL OF A GROUP OF "THE GUARDIAN ANGEL" IN LIMEWOOD.

In the group of "The Guardian Angel" (detail of which we reproduce), by Franz Ignaz Günther, Raphael is shown leading Tobias by the hand. The motive of the Guardian Angel was extremely popular at the time, and this composition gave rise to a number of similar groups from the workshop, and by followers of Günther. The date 1763 is cut into the base; and the height of the whole group is 5 ft. 9½ ins. Munich Burgersaal Kirche.

FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR.

A gift that gives pleasure throughout the year is surely the ideal choice when considering the shopping list for this Christmas and New Year. Fifty-two copies of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will make 1955 a year full of interest for friends and relations at home and overseas.

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abroad. The result was that neither the subjects of George III. nor we their descendants were ever greatly impressed by a style so prone to over-emphasis as this and which could so easily stray beyond the bounds of decorum: moreover, we have never taken our religion gaily. Presumably for that reason many visitors will find the magnificent ecclesiastical plate, jewelled and bepearled, a trifle overpowering: these and the secular pieces are too lavish for our taste. None the less, what a show, and how grateful is one visitor at least to all the numerous people, both lay and ecclesiastical, who have made it possible for him to take the measure of so great a master of wood-carving.

BAVARIAN ROCOCO ON VIEW IN LONDON: WORKS OF FAIRY-TALE GRACE.



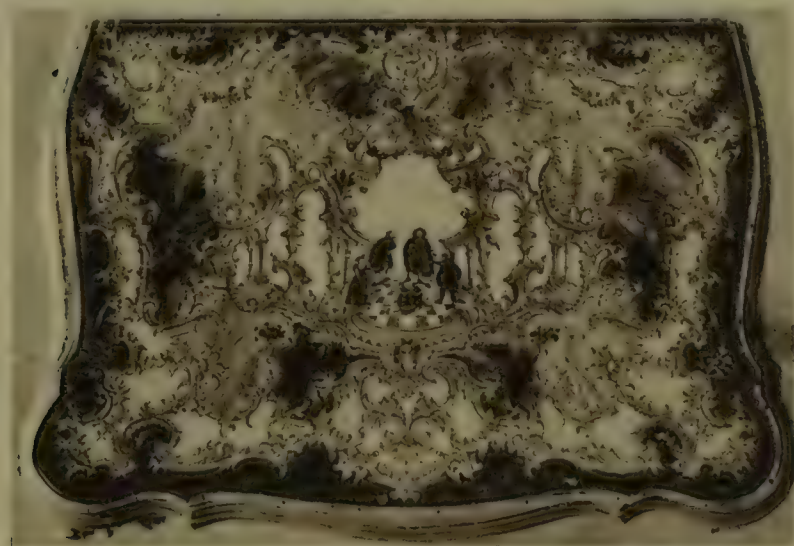
"ST. KUNIGUNDE, WIFE OF THE EMPEROR HEINRICH II.," LIMEWOOD; BY FRANZ IGNAZ GÜNTHER (1725-1775). (Height 7 ft. 6½ ins.) (Rott am Inn Kirchenverwaltung.)



"A FOUNTAIN"; BY W. DE GROFF (c. 1680-1742). (Height 5 ft. 10½ ins.); BELOW, A CONSOLE TABLE c. 1735. (Munich Bayerisches National and Residenzmuseums.)



"BELLONA"; BY FRANZ IGNAZ GÜNTHER (1725-1775), IN LIMEWOOD, c. 1770. (Height 6 ft. 6½ ins.) (Munich Bayerisches Nationalmuseum.)



INSET WITH MIRROR; AND WITH UNDER-GLASS PAINTING; THE TOP OF A TABLE BY J. W. VON DER AUVERA. c. 1744-1746. (The "Mirror Room," Würzburg Residenz.)



SHOWING THE CARVED GILT WOOD STAND; ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CONSOLE TABLE BY J. W. VON DER AUVERA. (The "Mirror Room," Würzburg Residenz.)



"ANNUNCIATION GROUP"; BY FRANZ IGNAZ GÜNTHER (1725-1775), LIMEWOOD; EXECUTED IN 1746. (Height 5 ft. 3 ins.) (Weyarn, -Kirchenverwaltung.)



"THE KURPRINZ MAXIMILIAN JOSEPH VON BAYERN"; A VOTIVE STATUE IN SILVER BY W. DE GROFF (1680-1742). (Height 3 ft. 1 in.) (Altötting; Stiftungsverwaltung der Gnadenkapelle.)



"PALLAS ATHENE," STATUETTE IN PAINTED LIMEWOOD; BY F. DIETZ (1708-1777). c. 1766-1777. (Height 1 ft. 1½ ins.) (Germanisches Nationalmuseum, Nürnberg.)

The Loan Exhibition of Rococo Art from Bavaria, which opened at the Victoria and Albert Museum on October 21, and is to continue at least until December 5, is of exceptional interest; as Rococo masterpieces, designed to enchant with their gaiety and fairy-tale charm wealthy Courts and aristocratic individualists are practically unknown in this country. Prettiness, Arcadian dalliance and agreeable sensuality are the outstanding features of Rococo; and lighthearted elegance appears in religious as well as secular art. For instance, when the Elector Karl Albert of Bavaria, and his ten-year-old son wished to present a votive offering to the Madonna of Altötting in gratitude for the child's recovery

from an illness, they gave a life-sized silver statue of him—kneeling, it is true, but in the full splendour of Court attire. When Franz Ignaz Günther, master of Bavarian Rococo sculpture, carved St. Kunigunde going through the ordeal of walking over a red-hot ploughshare to demonstrate her innocence, he represented her jewelled, and regal as if ready to attend a Court ball; and the Angel in the lovely Günther Annunciation group is a figure of entrancing gaiety, whose elegance matches the grace of the Virgin. Furniture, including pieces from the *Reichen-Zimmer*, Munich Residenz, and the Residenz at Würzburg; and Nymphenburg porcelain figures modelled by Bustelli are also on view.

"A ROMNEY OF ANCIENT ROME": AN AMAZING GROUP OF PORTRAIT WALL-PAINTINGS DISCOVERED IN NEW EXCAVATIONS AT STABIAE.

By PROFESSOR LIBERO d'ORSI.

(N.B.—This article is a compression of Professor d'Orsi's original text.)

(Stabiae, now Castellum di Stabia, was a city of great antiquity beside the bay of the same name near Naples, being in succession Etruscan, Samnite, Greek and finally Roman. It was destroyed by Sulla in 89 B.C., but grew again only to be shaken in the earthquake of 63 A.D., and finally buried in the eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A.D., which also overwhelmed Pompeii and Herculaneum. The haphazard excavations under the Bourbon Charles III. came to an end in 1782. In 1950, Professor d'Orsi began excavations once more under the higher direction of the Superintendent of Antiquities in Campania, the famous Amedeo Maiuri.)

AND so, on a fine day in January 1950, armed with pick and shovel and with the help only of one of my servants and of an unemployed youth, I embarked upon the undertaking which might have procured for me approval or derision. But the enterprise



FIG. 1. A LOW-RELIEF FROM AN EPISTYLE AT STABIAE, SHOWING CUPID WITH A DOG ON A LEAD. THE RELIEF APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN APPLIQUE ON A PLANE SURFACE, ON WHICH THE DESIGN WAS DRAWN.

has been completely successful. On the magic plain of Varano, overlooking Castellum, there came to light every day some vestige of an ancient settlement; artistic treasures, hitherto unknown, which have already aroused such wonder in the whole civilized world!

In the first excavation, at Fondo De Martino, thirteen enclosed spaces of a luxurious villa have been brought to light. These include a large *triclinium*, two alcoves, a large kitchen, and three other living-rooms. All the rooms are richly decorated with beautiful pictures on the walls and the ceiling. All the art critics concur in attributing to the Stabian School of painting a disconcerting modernity. Ettore Cozzani, a scholar of distinction, in a phrase which has now become common property, has declared that with the painting discovered at Stabiae, impressionism and pointillism have gone back in date 2000 years.

Meanwhile we must give some account of another resplendent "villa" discovered in the Contrada San Marco (Fondo dello Iorio), 546 yards (500 metres) from the first excavations, where a really imposing architectural lay-out has made its appearance. The "villa" consists, as far as excavation has at present revealed, of two sections connected with each other, although lying at different levels (about 18 ft. apart).

The two sections in process of excavation contain a large *viridarium*, bounded on the north and east sides by a very fine portico, which is 55 yards (50 metres) in length, and from which there project *in situ* the back(ground) walls and the lower third of the seventeen columns, decorated with plaster,

painted in yellow-gold on the plinth, and with spiral fluting (Fig. 2) of Ionic type on the remaining part of the shaft. The white fluting revolves in alternate directions from column to column, so as to present the eye with the illusion of movement. Six yards (5½ metres) lower down, a second large *viridarium* is being opened up and is laid out in the same way as the first. On its north side it is finely decorated with ornamental motifs of the fourth Pompeian style, and by a row of thirty very fine columns in the Corinthian style, bordering the foot-way, and which have around their shafts godroons (ruffle-like ornaments) of white plaster in false marble. In addition, there have been discovered some very fine pavements in *opus musiva* (so-called tessellated), with a white background and geometrical patterns of *tesse* in the spaces between the columns. From the first to the second *viridarium*, access is gained by means of a ramp exquisitely paved with mosaic, its two lateral walls decorated with beautiful paintings of dolphins and fabulous birds and two wonderful marine scenes.

A very important feature in the second sector is the detailed structure of a pool, which for the whole of its length of more than 33 yards (30 metres)—it is 6 yards 1½ ft. (5·90 metres) wide—extends to the centre of the *viridarium*, and which, judging by various objects which have appeared, must have been a swimming-pool. To this one must add the equally important remains of an enclosure which is being excavated to the west of the above-mentioned pool, and to the north of the smaller wing of the portico. This enclosure contains a few elements of a magnificent pavement in *opus sectile*, and might turn out to be an enormous hall.

In these two sectors we have been fortunate enough to pick up some very interesting and beautiful fragments, either from the walls or from the ceilings, which, by reason of the originality of their conception and by the bold technique employed, can be regarded without reservation as among the finest examples of ancient wall-painting. Meanwhile, the excavations continue, and we have already traced other colonnades and new enclosures. We are now certain that we are confronted with one of the most important buildings of classical antiquity. Is this going to turn out to be an enormous villa or a health resort? We do not wish, at this stage, to hazard a guess, but prefer to await patiently the results of the operations. But let us now finally take a look, also rather fleeting, at some of the many paintings on the walls and ceilings, discovered in the two excavations. Take a look at the image of this youth (Fig. 12). At once the eye is immediately attracted by the extraordinary boldness of the painting, particularly the violent strokes of white with which

the forehead has been traced in deep contrast with the shaded part of the face.

And the face of the sorrowing woman (Fig. 10). It has all the appearance of having been executed in some sculptural material rather than having been painted; and yet, there is nothing more pictorial. Also in this work the unshaded part shows the accustomed bold whiteness characteristic of the Stabian painters. Especially brilliant is the marvellous stroke of radiant light which depicts the curve of the eyelid. But the particular effect which has given rise to the expression "*macchiolo*" (pointillism) is especially attributable to the streaks (*struscature*)

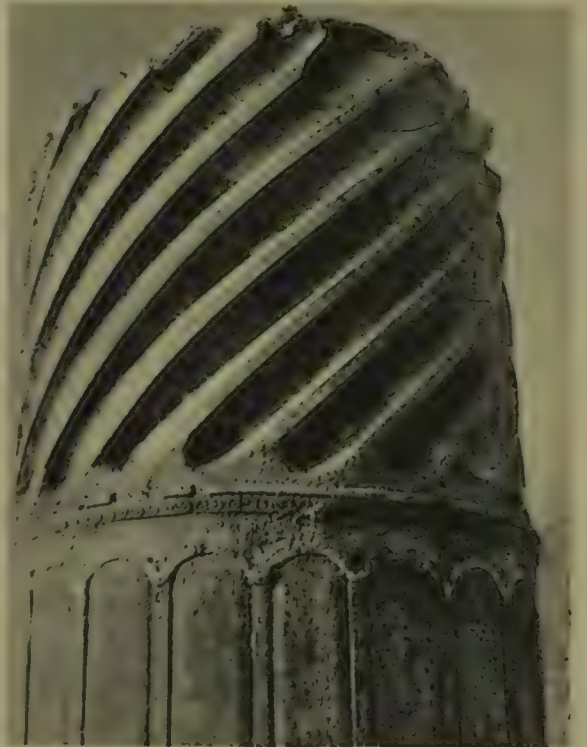


FIG. 2. DETAIL OF ONE OF THE SPIRALLY-FLUTED COLUMNS RECENTLY FOUND AT STABIAE. IN THE ROW OF PILLARS, THE FLUTING GOES ONE WAY IN ONE PILLAR, THE OTHER WAY IN THE NEXT, AND SO ON, GIVING AN ILLUSION OF MOVEMENT.

which cross the face with their shimmering reds, and are also used in depicting the locks or threads of hair so as to throw the colour into greater prominence.

The Medusa (Fig. 6) is a painting which astounds one, not only by the flow of light which emanates from those dazzling eyes, not only from the shuddering effect with which the flesh and the hair have been endowed, but by the prodigious vigour of the technique. Also, the usual mythical subject has received a new treatment in Stabian art: no longer are serpents substituted for hair, but the hair has been entwined in such a way as to give the impression of serpents. This Medusa will remain one of the most notable works in classical painting. I should never finish were I to describe every painting discovered at Stabiae. But I can not resist alluding to the very original child-satyr with the pan-pipes (Fig. 11).

Notice with how much economy and boldness the slight movement with which the child appears to anticipate the pleasure of playing is portrayed.

Observe how that mass of hair has been drawn and how the hands have been portrayed. At the risk of saying something ludicrous I would affirm that in this painting you have Matisse Picasso, Van Gogh—and any other more striking modern you may like to mention.

And what can one say about the sweet melancholy of the woman crowned with vine-leaves (Fig. 4)? And, moreover, the reader is invited to pause awhile to admire the very beautiful and strange Pallas with the golden helmet (Fig. 5). We have here one of the most significant examples of this type of Stabian impressionism. Look at the blazing light coming from her eyes, and how the fingers have been portrayed with their aristocratic gestures, and how they have been executed with four exclusively tonal strokes of the brush. [Continued opposite.



FIG. 3. NEW EXCAVATIONS AT STABIAE: A COLONNADE AND WALL-PAINTINGS REVEALED IN THE EXCAVATIONS CONDUCTED BY PROFESSOR D'ORSI SINCE 1950.

"ROMNEYS" AND "ROMANOS" OF 1900 YEARS AGO: NEW-FOUND MASTERPIECES.



FIG. 4. A WOMAN CROWNED WITH VINE-LEAVES: ONE OF THE REMARKABLE FRAGMENTS OF ROMAN WALL-PAINTING RECENTLY FOUND AT STABIAE.



FIG. 5. PALLAS IN A GOLDEN HELMET. PROFESSOR D'ORSI CALLS ATTENTION TO THE BOLD BRUSHWORK.

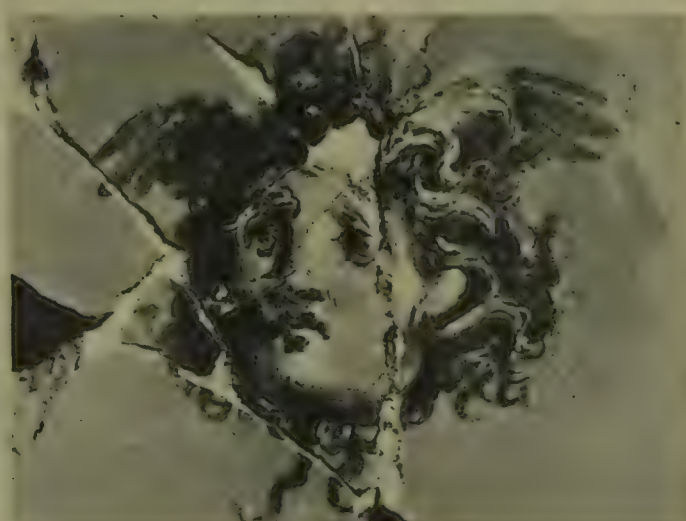


FIG. 6. A HEAD OF MEDUSA, BADLY DAMAGED, BUT STILL REVEALING ITS VIVACITY AND ORIGINALITY. THE HAIR HAS BEEN GIVEN A SERPENT-LIKE QUALITY.

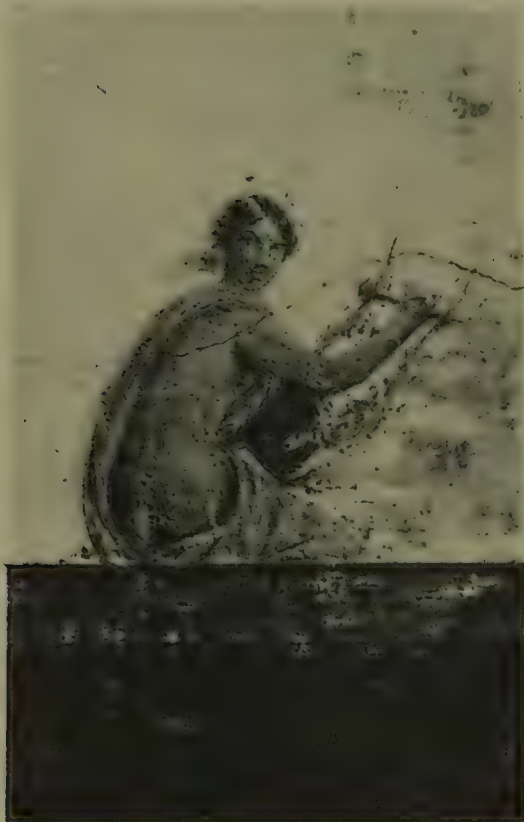


FIG. 7. FROM THE NEWEST SITE AT STABIAE: A GIRL PLAYING A LYRE. IN AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT STYLE FROM FIGS. 4-6 AND 10-12.



FIG. 8. WHEREAS MOST OF THE NEW STABIAE PAINTINGS SUGGEST (STRANGELY) ROMNEY, THIS PERSEUS IS MUCH MORE IN THE MANNER OF GIULIO ROMANO.



FIG. 9. ARIADNE ASLEEP, REVEALED BY HYPNOS: PART OF A COMPOSITION WHICH INCLUDES DIONYSUS AND EROS, THE FIGURE OF ARIADNE HAVING A RENAISSANCE QUALITY.

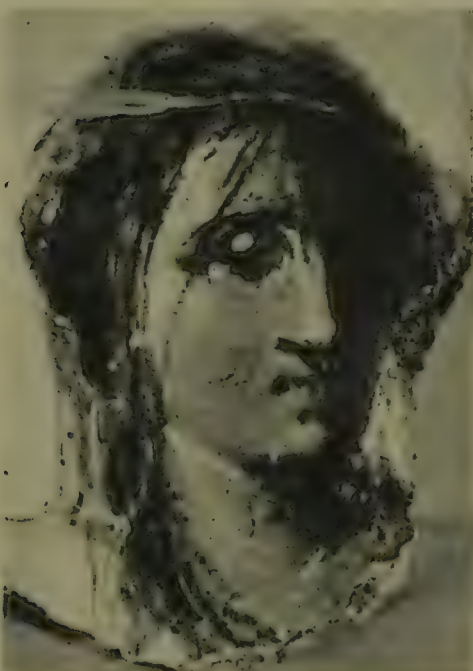


FIG. 10. THE SORROWING WOMAN. AN ASTONISHING ROMAN PAINTING, BOTH FOR ITS VIGOUR AND ITS THREE-DIMENSIONAL QUALITY.

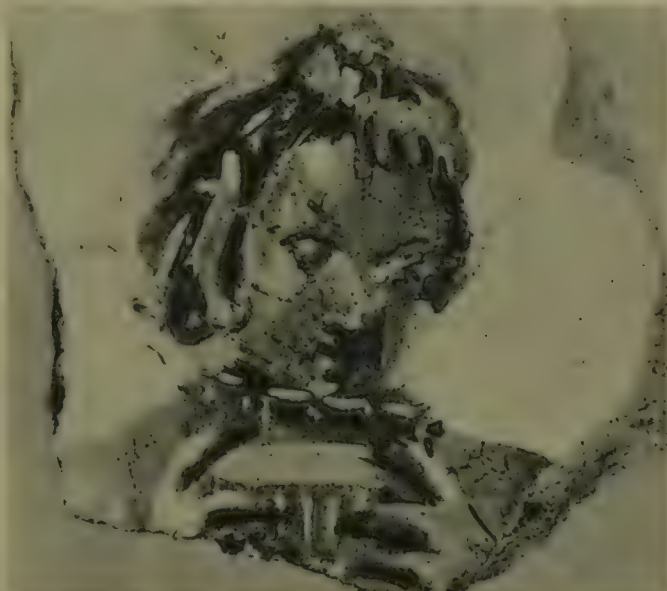


FIG. 11. A CHILD-SATYR PLAYING ON THE PAN-PIPES. WITH THE UTMOST ECONOMY BOTH THE SLIGHT MOVEMENT AND THE ANTICIPATED PLEASURE ARE SURELY SUGGESTED.



FIG. 12. THE HEAD OF AN UNIDENTIFIED OLYMPIAN YOUTH. THE VIGOUR OF FIGS. 4-6 AND 10-12 SUGGESTS THAT THEY ARE BY THE SAME HAND.

Continued from facing page.

Also worthy of detailed consideration is a painting of great distinction (Fig. 9), on its own, on the middle wall of the *triclinium*. It is the story of Ariadne. The woman in the act of sorrowful abandonment, showing on her face the traces of indescribable suffering, is asleep while she leans against the knees of Hypnos who, with an imperceptible hint of a sorrowful smile, draws apart the robes which cover the beautiful body and seems to offer her as a sacrifice to Dionysus. This extraordinary painting has the effect of both moving and disturbing us. Ariadne as she is depicted in this mural reminds us of the famous Christs of the Renaissance. And has not Hypnos the appearance of one of the angels of that same glorious period?

Meanwhile, the excavations are being continued with increasing success. On May 21, last year, there have been discovered in the San Marco district three rare and precious vases and a *patera* of an aulic-liturgical character. The vases, made of a black vitreous material, are inlaid with threads and *laminæ* of gold, with lapis lazuli and hard stones in various colours. The designs are Egyptian. There have recently been discovered a large *lararium*, a *calidarium*, a *tetrastyle frigidarium*, and two enclosures embellished with beautiful paintings such as the Perseus (Fig. 8), the girl playing a lyre (Fig. 7), the suppliant and the priestess, with the *palladium* on her shoulders (not reproduced here).



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



GROWTH-RATE OF YOUNG KANGAROOS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

TWO questions have been posed by readers of this page, following my description of the birth of a kangaroo (August 28, 1954). The first correspondent asks what is the rate of growth of the young. So far as I am aware, there is only one published account of this, by Guy Dollman, in the "Proceedings of the Linnean Society of London" for February 3, 1939. This is based on a set of photographs taken by Dr. W. D. Walker, who died in a flying accident in the August of the previous year, the photographs being presented by Mrs. M. V. Walker to the British Museum (Natural History). According to Dollman's account: "This series of photographs of young kangaroos was taken some years ago and is undoubtedly one of the finest records of the post-natal development of any animal ever obtained, showing as it does nearly all the phases, from the newly-born young to the mature specimen. It is obvious that such results could only have been obtained after the examination of many hundreds of kangaroos and their young, and that these photographs will remain for all time a record of the painstaking researches carried out by Dr. Walker."

It is highly likely that the original negatives, or a set of photographic prints, or both, are preserved in a public institution in Australia, in addition to the prints deposited in London. On the other hand, anyone lacking access to these archives has to be content with somewhat inadequate data. Although Dollman's account is an interesting survey of post-natal development in marsupials as a whole, the space devoted to Dr. Walker's photographs is limited. Moreover, although two excellent plates of photographs are included with it, no scales are given in the explanation to the plates and the only measurement mentioned in the text is that the "newly-born kangaroo will be seen to be scarcely more than an inch in length." These omissions may be due to the information not being available to Dollman, and are, to some extent, offset by a photograph of eight young kangaroos in a row, ranging in age from newly-born to about six weeks. Below this series, and included in the photograph, is a foot-rule. This shows the picture to be $\frac{2}{3}$ natural size. The newly-born kangaroo in the picture measures $\frac{3}{8}$ in., so that its actual size would be $\frac{1}{4}$ in. or less than $\frac{1}{2}$ in. Incidentally, we are not told what species of kangaroo was being photographed.

I would like to stress this point, for we commonly read that the newly-born kangaroo is "an inch long" or "about an inch long." Whether the size is the same for all species of kangaroo, whatever the size of the adult; whether there are other records of measurements; or whether these statements are all based on Dollman's words, the fact remains that the one photographic record we have shows the measurement to be much under an inch. And the photograph is reproduced here in proof of it.

Having established the length of the newly-born kangaroo, we can ascertain that the last of the series, which is six weeks old, measures just under $2\frac{1}{2}$ ins. Since the body at six weeks has become strongly curved, the length may perhaps be more accurately stated as 3 ins. or more. The young kangaroo is said to remain attached to the teat for nearly four months. "During this time it has grown to look like a kangaroo and assumed a coat of hair. After this it begins to take notice of life outside the pouch, occasionally feeding off such vegetation as it can reach by stretching out its head. At a later date it emerges from the pouch and commences its life as a separate individual; but it is for a long time dependent upon its mother's pouch for cover when danger threatens."

There are, of course, other occasional notes on young kangaroos, and photographs of them, either standing alone or beside the parent. There may even be a

more complete account than that given by Dollman. If so, it has escaped my notice; and unless there is, we are left with very inadequate information on



EIGHT STAGES IN THE GROWTH OF A YOUNG KANGAROO: (LEFT TO RIGHT) FROM BIRTH TO SIX WEEKS OLD. THE FOOT-RULE INCLUDED SHOWS THAT AT BIRTH THE KANGAROO IS APPRECIABLY LESS THAN AN INCH LONG. THIS SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS ALSO SHOWS HOW THE FORE-LIMBS ARE AT FIRST THE MORE STRONGLY-DEVELOPED, THE HIND-LEGS LATER OVERTAKING THEM IN DEVELOPMENT.



NEWLY-EMERGED FROM THE POUCH: THE YOUNG KANGAROO WHICH SPENDS THE FIRST FOUR MONTHS OF ITS LIFE IN THE POUCH, WHEN IT IS ENTIRELY DEPENDENT UPON THE MOTHER FOR FOOD AND SHELTER. AFTER THAT TIME IT CAN LEAVE THE POUCH, BUT CAN QUICKLY RE-ENTER IT WHEN TIRED OR ALARMED.



A YOUNG KANGAROO EMERGING FROM THE POUCH. THE LATTER IS CAPABLE OF CONSIDERABLE DISTENTION AND CONTRACTION, ITS CAPACITY BEING ACCOMMODATED TO THE NEEDS OF THE YOUNG. THE OPENING ALSO CAN BE COMPLETELY CONTRACTED OR EXTENDED.

Photographs reproduced by courtesy of the trustees of the British Museum (Natural History).

the rate of growth. At best we have the generalisation that at birth (and presumably in the largest kangaroos) the young are under an inch in length, that by the end of six weeks this has increased to about 3 ins., and that when they first leave the pouch they are about a foot or more high.

One interesting feature brought out by Dr. Walker's photographs concerns the growth of the limbs. In the newly-born kangaroo the hind-limbs are small, the fore-limbs being noticeably longer; and the shoulders heavier than the hindquarters. This, as we saw on the first occasion, is related to the way the young kangaroo pulls itself through the maternal fur and into the pouch with its fore-limbs. At somewhere about the tenth day a depression in the abdomen of a young female heralds the appearance of the pouch.

Between the tenth and the fourteenth day the tail begins to lengthen and the hind-limbs begin to outstrip the fore-limbs, both these processes continuing until, at the time the young kangaroo first leaves the pouch, the hind-legs are about four times the length of the front-legs.

The second question put to me is concerned with what may be called pouch-sanitation. The young kangaroo is attached to the teat for some four months, as we have seen, and during that time it is feeding rapidly. One by-product of growth is the giving off of waste, and the correspondent asks what happens to the excrement from the young? And what happens, he asks, to debris, such as the occasional leaf, twig, and so on, that we may presume enters the pouch from time to time as the mother kangaroo moves about? We know the mother kangaroo grooms the pouch with her tongue just prior to the birth, and at other times, too. We also know that she licks the newly-born, apparently to clean it of the birth membranes before it starts its journey to the pouch. It seems safe to assume, therefore, that she is capable of grooming the pouch, even while the young is inside, without injuring the delicate body of the offspring. No doubt, the fact that the young kangaroo is so firmly attached to the teat that a gentle pressure is necessary to dislodge it ensures that the gentle pressure of the mother's tongue, such as would be needed in cleaning the inside of the pouch, will not harm it. Moreover, we also know that the young kangaroo will find its way back to the teat, although its eyes are still closed, should it be dislodged. Professor T. Thomson Flynn, who made a special study of the early development in marsupials, tells me in a letter that although he has never seen a pouch containing young being groomed he has always found it to be clean.

Some such form of pouch-sanitation can be reasonably assumed, although I have not been able by enquiry to confirm that it does take place. It would,

in any case, be a reasonable assumption by comparison with the nest-sanitation of birds, and with the actions of those mammals in which the young spend their early days in a nest. In all these, the excrement is removed, or is swallowed by the parent, foreign bodies are removed, the nest is kept clean and tidy in a variety of ways, and, in mammals, so much grooming is done with the tongue that it would be remarkable if marsupials alone failed in this essential cleaning process. But here again, as with the growth-stages, there are many gaps in our knowledge which must be filled by analogy or imagination.

It is doubtful if extraneous bodies, such as leaves, would find their way into the pouch, the opening of which can be expanded and contracted, this being apparently under the control of the mother. In the early stages of development the mouth of the pouch is closed most of the time. Presumably, therefore, a fresh supply of air for the developing young would be supplied at the same time as the pouch is opened for cleaning.



PHOTOGRAPHED WITH A LONG-RANGE CAMERA FROM A LITTLE OVER A HUNDRED YARDS: TWO GIANT SABLE ANTELOPES, ONE IN PURSUIT OF THE OTHER, IN ANGOLA, WEST AFRICA.



FIGHTING, UNAWARE THAT THEY WERE BEING STALKED: GIANT SABLE ANTELOPES. SO SENSITIVE IS THE GIANT SABLE THAT A STALKER WILL RARELY GET CLOSER THAN 500 YARDS.

GIANT SABLE ANTELOPES IN COMBAT—THE FIRST SATISFACTORY PHOTOGRAPHS OF THIS ANIMAL IN ITS WILD STATE.

The Giant Sable Antelope (*Hippotragus niger variani*) is such a rare animal that it has seldom been seen by hunters. Added to this, it is also so very shy and sensitive that a stalker will hardly ever get closer than 500 yards to it. These two facts make the pictures of the animal which we reproduce above very remarkable when it is considered that they were taken with a long-range camera from a little over a hundred yards. They were taken by Senhor Newton da Silva, a leading naturalist in Angola, Portuguese West Africa, during an

expedition to the colony led by Mr. Quentin Keynes. The Giant Sable is found in a limited central area of Angola, confined to a narrow strip of country formed by the junction of the Quango River with its tributary, the Luando. After a week the expedition sighted a herd moving off, and two fully-grown bulls began fighting, unaware that they were being stalked. For fully twenty minutes they were photographed at a little over a hundred yards—the first satisfactory pictures, it is believed, ever to have been taken of this rare animal, unwounded, in its wild state.



APPOINTED CHAIRMAN OF LLOYDS BANK: SIR OLIVER FRANKS, FORMER AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. Sir Oliver Franks, Deputy Chairman of Lloyds Bank since 1950, has been appointed Chairman in succession to Lord Bailford of Burleigh. Educated at British Grammar School and Queen's College, Oxford, Sir Oliver was British Ambassador at Washington 1948-52. He was Professor of Moral Philosophy, University of Glasgow, 1937-45; and Permanent Secretary to the Ministry of Supply, 1945-46.



GIVING THREE CHARITY CONCERTS IN NOVEMBER: MR. JOSEPH SZIGETI. Mr. Joseph Szigeti is playing all Bach's solo violin sonatas and concertos at All Souls', Langham Place, on November 19 and 26 in aid of the Musicians' Benevolent Fund; and will repeat the Nov. 19 programme on Nov. 23 at Leicester Cathedral, in aid of the Bishop of Leicester's church fund, at the Bishop's request.



GUEST OF HONOUR AT THE MANSION HOUSE: GENERAL GRUENTHER (RIGHT) TALKING WITH FIELD MARSHAL LORD ALEXANDER. General A. M. Gruenther, Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, was the guest of honour at a luncheon given by the Air League of the British Empire at the Mansion House on October 25. He spoke of the problem of maintaining the people's interest in N.A.T.O. and of countering the ingenious moves of the Soviet propaganda machine by educating public opinion.



IN IRAQ: KING FESAL II. (LEFT). The first British Trade Fair ever to be held in Iraq was opened on October 25 in Baghdad by King Faisal II. The object of the Fair, in the words of Sir Harry Pilkington, President of the Federation of British Industries, was "to show how Britain . . . can assist the Arab countries to develop their resources."



ATTENDING A RECEPTION AT THE HYDE PARK HOTEL DURING HIS GOODWILL VISIT: MR. YOSHIDA, THE JAPANESE PRIME MINISTER. Mr. Shigeru Yoshida, the Japanese Prime Minister, who has been on an eight-day goodwill visit to this country, attended a reception on October 27 at the Hyde Park Hotel, given in his honour by the Japan Society of London and the Japan Association. "Earlier he had been received at Buckingham Palace by the Queen.



AT THE WHITE HOUSE: MR. EISENHOWER (SEATED, L.) SHOWING DR. ADENAUER (R.) ONE OF HIS PAINTINGS. MR. DULLES IS STANDING (CENTRE); MR. J. B. CONANT BEHIND. The German Chancellor Dr. Adenauer arrived in Washington on October 27 and was received at the White House on the 28th, where he held discussions with the President. Mr. Eisenhower also found time to display his painting of Mr. Dulles, Mr. Humphrey and Mr. Wilson. Dr. Adenauer was expected to reach Germany on November 2, in time to attend the funeral of Dr. Ehlers, who died suddenly on October 27.



PRINCESS MARGARET AT THE DAIRY SHOW: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, THIS YEAR'S PRESIDENT, PRESENTING THE HERDSMAN'S TROPHY TO BLOCKFIELD NAVYBELL'S HERDSMAN. The supreme individual championship at this year's Dairy Show, Clympia, was won by the Arnhurst Blockfield Navybell, entered by Mrs. M. R. Anderson; and this year's President of the British Dairy Farmers' Association, H.R.H. Princess Margaret, presented the trophies to Mrs. Anderson and to the herdsman on October 28. The cow on the right in our photograph is the British Friesian, "Joking Devil", placed second.

SOME PERSONALITIES AND PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE,

OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK: AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



AWARDED THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR LITERATURE BY THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF SWEDEN: MR. ERNEST HEMINGWAY, WITH HIS WIFE. It was announced on October 28 that the American author, Mr. Ernest Hemingway, had been awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature by the Royal Academy of Sweden. The Academy mentions his "forceful mastery, which has created a new style in the contemporary art of narration," as recently revealed in his book "The Old Man and the Sea." The prize this year amounts to about £12,600.



WITH THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR, SIR GLADWYN JEBB (RIGHT), AT A RECEPTION IN PARIS: H.I.M. THE EMPEROR OF ETHIOPIA (LEFT). After his fourteen-day visit to Britain which ended on October 27, H.I.M. the Emperor of Ethiopia left for an official stay in Paris, and on the following day attended a reception at the Elysee Palace given in his honour by the President of France and Madame Renée Coty. Later the Emperor was decorated with the *Médaille Militaire* and the *Croix de Guerre*.



KILLED ON A FLIGHT TO TEHRAN: PRINCE ALI REZA. It was reported on November 2 that the body of Prince Ali Reza, the Shah of Persia's eldest brother who disappeared on October 27 during a flight from Gorgan, on the Caspian Sea, to Teheran, was found in the wreckage of his aircraft forty miles north of Teheran. The Prince, who was thirty-two, was believed to be on his way to the Shah of Persia.



TO BE A JUSTICE OF THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE: MR. JOHN PERCY ASHWORTH. Mr. John Percy Ashworth has been appointed to be one of the Justices of the High Court of Justice, and will be attached to the Queen's Bench Division. Mr. Ashworth, who has been Junior Common Law Counsel to the Treasury since 1950, was educated at Winchester and Christ Church, Oxford, and was Junior Counsel to the Post Office, 1935. He was Chancellor of the Dioceses of Rochester, 1942; London, 1944; and Lichfield, 1947.



DIED ON NOVEMBER 1: LORD COURTAULD-THOMSON. Lord Courtauld-Thomson, who was eighty-nine, will be remembered for his many years of devoted service to hospitals, especially the King Edward VII. Sanatorium, Midsbury, of which he was chairman for thirty-two years. In 1943 he presented his country house, Dorneywood, Bucks, to the nation for the use of a Minister of the Crown.



ARRIVING AT LONDON AIRPORT: MR. HUAN HSIANG, THE FIRST COMMUNIST CHINESE ENVOY TO LONDON, WITH HIS WIFE AND SON. The first diplomatic representative in London of the Chinese People's Government, Mr. Hsiang, arrived in London from Stockholm on October 27. The new Chinese Affairs was formerly Head of the African Department of the Foreign Ministry in Peking, and has studied at the London School of Economics.



THE INDIAN PRIME MINISTER'S ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION IN CHINA: MR. NEHRU DRIVING THROUGH THE STREETS OF PEKING WITH MR. CHOU EN-LAI (LEFT) AMID CHEERING CROWDS. Mr. Nehru, whose tour of the Far East has been termed "a political Odyssey," arrived by air in Hanoi on October 17, and spent the day with Mr. Ho Chi-minh, having had talks with the Burmese Prime Minister when passing through Rangoon. He reached Peking on October 19, for a twelve-day visit; and was given a rousing welcome as he drove along the ten-mile route to the city from the airport, where he had been greeted



MR. NEHRU IN HANOI, ON OCTOBER 17: THE INDIAN PRIME MINISTER WITH MR. HO-CHI-MINH, THE VIET MINH LEADER (RIGHT). His engagements included a cocktail party and a banquet, and numerous private conferences, which, it is reported, were "still of an exploratory nature," no final agreements having been reached. On his return journey he visited Saigon and stopped at Phnom Penh on October 31. He stated that he believes the "Chinese were anxious to avoid war."

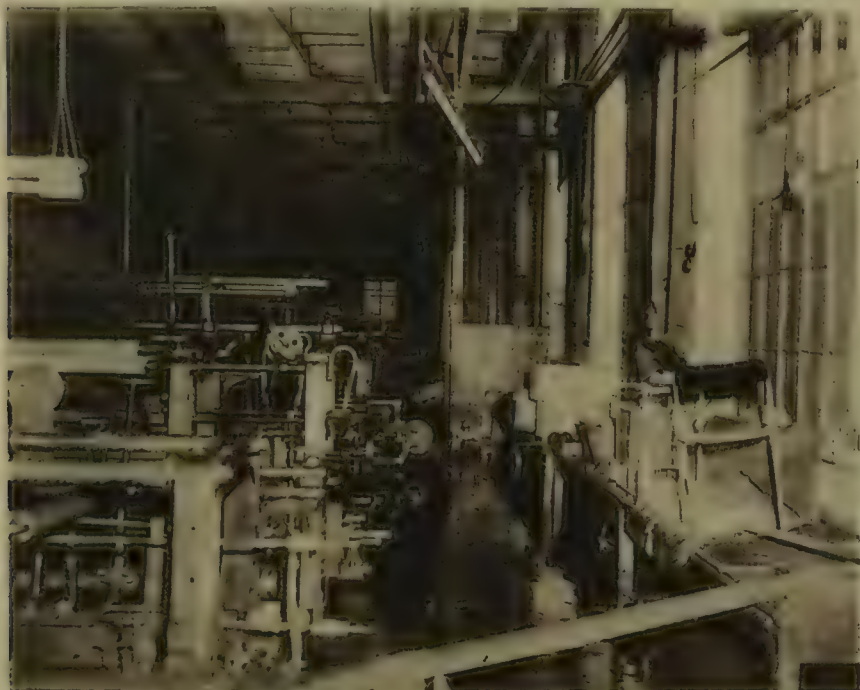
SCOTLAND'S DISASTROUS OCTOBER FLOODS.



WHERE FLOODS RENDERED OVER A HUNDRED PEOPLE HOMELESS AND CAUSED EXTENSIVE DAMAGE: THE SEAPORT VILLAGE OF CREETOWN, IN KIRKCUDBRIGHTSHIRE, IN SOUTH-WEST SCOTLAND, SEEN FROM THE AIR.



IN SCOTLAND'S WORST-HIT VILLAGE: A BULLDOZER CLEARING THE STREAM-BED AT CREETOWN, WHERE 10 FT. OF FLOOD-WATER BROUGHT TERROR AND DESTRUCTION TO THE LITTLE VILLAGE IN THE VALLEY.



FLOODED FOR THE SECOND TIME IN TWELVE DAYS: A LACE FACTORY AT NEWMILNS, IN AYRSHIRE, SHOWING THE LOOMS PARTLY SUBMERGED BY THE FLOOD-WATERS.

Floods in southern Scotland at the end of October—the most serious for years—washed away road and railway bridges, laid waste thousands of acres of farmland, inundated village streets and marooned villagers. One of the worst floods was at the seaport village of Creetown, in Kirkcudbrightshire, the neighbourhood of which is the scene of part of Scott's *Guy Mannering*. Parts of the village were 10 ft. under water and rescue teams used boats and a bridge of ladders to take trapped villagers to higher ground. The floods left devastation in their train and a relief fund, sponsored by the Stewartry County Council, was officially launched on October 31. Further disaster overtook the Ayrshire town of Newmilns. The Norrel Burn broke its course for the second time in twelve days and again flooded the town. Although the damage was worse in southern Scotland the north did not escape and there were reports of floods from many areas.

THE ATTEMPT ON COLONEL NASSER'S LIFE.

The Egyptian Prime Minister, Lieut.-Colonel Nasser, was fired at on October 26 as he was making a political speech to a huge crowd in Liberation Square, in Alexandria. After the shooting Colonel Nasser went on with his speech and said: "... Egypt has now obtained her independence and regained her dignity, and if I am killed Egypt will go on and must live." Next day Colonel Nasser made a triumphant return by rail from Alexandria to Cairo, where he was greeted with scenes of wild enthusiasm. The alleged gunman of Alexandria, Mahmoud Abdel Latif, was reported to have confessed that he was ordered by the Moslem Brotherhood to kill the Prime Minister, and an infuriated mob set the Brotherhood's Cairo headquarters on fire. On October 31 Major Salem, the Minister of National Guidance, confirmed that the assassination attempt had been made by order of the high command of the Moslem Brotherhood; the leading members have been arrested.



BEING CHAIRED AFTER HIS ESCAPE FROM ASSASSINATION: LIEUT.-COLONEL GAMAL ABD EL NASSER, THE EGYPTIAN PRIME MINISTER, IN ALEXANDRIA ON OCTOBER 26.



ACKNOWLEDGING WITH OUTSTRETCHED ARMS THE ROUSING WELCOME OF THE CROWDS: COLONEL NASSER, THE EGYPTIAN PRIME MINISTER, ON HIS RETURN TO CAIRO.



SET ON FIRE BY AN INFURIATED MOB AND ALLOWED TO BURN ALL DAY: THE CAIRO HEADQUARTERS OF THE MOSLEM BROTHERHOOD, A MEMBER OF WHICH WAS ACCUSED OF THE ATTEMPT ON COLONEL NASSER'S LIFE.



ROUGH-HEWN COFFINS IN THE CHURCH OF SAN GIOVANNI, VIETRI SUL MARE, WHERE OVER 100 PERSONS DISAPPEARED IN THE FLOODS WHICH OVERWHELMED THE TOWN.



CLEARING DÉBRIS IN THE AMALFI AREA: A PICTURE WHICH GIVES SOME IDEA OF THE IMMENSE DAMAGE CAUSED BY THE TORRENTIAL RAINS AND THE LANDSLIDES.



AS CROWDS OF SURVIVORS WATCH IN SILENCE, A ROUGH COFFIN OF ONE OF THE VICTIMS IS CARRIED OUT FROM A SALERNO CHURCH TO A MASS FUNERAL.



ROUGH COFFINS IN THE YARD OF A SALERNO HOSPITAL, WHERE FRIENDS ARE ENDEAVOURING TO RECOGNISE BODIES STILL ONLY IDENTIFIED BY SERIAL NUMBERS.

THE SALERNO DISASTER, IN WHICH OVER 300 LOST THEIR LIVES: ITALY'S WORST FLOOD SINCE THE PO VALLEY INUNDATIONS.

In the night and early morning of October 25-26, torrential rainstorms struck the province of Salerno, just south of Naples; and in the floods and terrible landslides which followed an immense amount of damage was done and between 300 and 400 people lost their lives, either drowned, carried out to sea, or crushed in falling buildings or beneath the masses of mud and rocks of the landslides. The coastal districts were worst affected and the heaviest death-rolls were believed to be at Salerno itself, Vietri sul Mare, Maiori, the Tramonti districts and Minori;



AMONG THE RUINS AT MAIORI, ONE OF THE DEVASTATED VILLAGES: FIREMEN AT WORK. ALL ROADS TO MAIORI WERE CUT BY LANDSLIDES OF MUD AND ROCKS.

and inland Cava dei Terreni was gravely affected. Firemen and troops were sent into the district to the rescue and Red Cross columns raced to the area from Naples, Sorrento and Rome. The worst feature of the disaster was the landslides—of which there were about thirty between Salerno and Cava dei Terreni, six of them striking Salerno itself; and it has been suggested that these landslides are the result of failure to reafforest the slopes in this district. On Oct. 28 the Prime Minister, Signor Scelba, visited the scene of the disaster.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

PURPLE PATCHES.

By J. C. TREWIN.

THERE, in the middle of what seemed to be a staid enough programme, was a defiant purple patch. I glanced at it mildly, then blinked; all around me I noticed the same kind of swift "double-take." The programme was that of "Book of the Month" (Cambridge Theatre). The characters appeared to be a familiar light-comedy assemblage, an M.P., his wife, sister, and daughter; Doris (probably a maid); a Colonel, a doctor, yes, they sounded like old friends, and the setting for Act One, Scene One, did not disturb us unduly: "Edward Halliday's house near Cheltenham. A Sunday morning in August." That was all right. And then, suddenly, the purple patch flared: "Scene Two: 'Bare-Bosom'd Night,' by Betty Halliday." Now what on earth—?

Holmes of Baker Street whose adventures I am following with rapture in a set of radio-plays, would have found this a trifling problem. Certainly, before curtain-rise I managed to decide that "Bare-Bosom'd Night" would be both the book of the month and a spanner in the works of Betty Halliday's Cheltenham home. Soon the first scene confirmed it. Betty was just eighteen, and so fresh and ingenious that her novel would undoubtedly be the most unsophisticated bit of sophistication on the market. Presently we saw why Mr. Thomas had given a name to his second scene. As Betty's conventional parents settled to read "Bare-Bosom'd Night" (title from Walt Whitman), the stage darkened, thunder rattled, wind whirled, and we knew that, within a moment or so, we would be in the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Halliday as they turned the pages.

It was no longer a warm August Sunday morning, with a joint in the oven, but a most extraordinary night in which everyone on view appeared new-dressed in the rich purple of Betty's imagination. We had been caught into a complex of sizing love-affairs. A body lay on the carpet. Someone flicked out a sinister word, "refusers." Loves clinched in fierce embraces. And all was garnished with dialogue in a style worthy of Daisy Ashford ("I may add that I have always loved you and I now seem to do so madly he added passionately") and the kind of novel once scorned by a brass critic: "I am an intellectual writing for other intellectuals; one tract of fiction I have therefore omitted: the best-seller."

Betty was not an intellectual, bless her; but she might have had a vogue in the sort of circulating library of which Sir Anthony Absolute said: "It is an ever-green tree of diabolical knowledge. It blossoms throughout the year." Her idea of a plot was a narrative in which everyone, larger than life, grew monstrously passionate. To save trouble, she adapted the characters of her own family and friends. After the second scene we were not surprised that "Bare-Bosom'd Night" became the book of the month (the silly-season month of August), and that Betty's relatives had mixed opinions of their juvenile prodigy, infant phenomenon. My thoughts ran from Anthony Absolute to Faulkland in the same play: "If there be but one vision in the set, 'twill spread like a contagion . . . their quivering, warm-breathed sighs impregnate the very air—the atmosphere becomes electrical to love, and each amorous spark darts through every link of the chain."

The burlesque, up to a point, cracked. The cast delighted in quivering, warm-breathed sighs. "Bare-Bosom'd Night" gave the impression of a brisk charade, as, indeed, it was. But what would have been freshly comic in a few minutes started began, when extended, to flicker and fade. At curtain-fall upon chaos we had a much-needed fifteen minutes interval. Then Mr. Thomas set himself to the task of taking out his play—not an easy matter, because it was the kind of piece without side-issues. It held sternly to the theme. Most of the characters must read the same novel; most of them must be, gaily or suspiciously to Betty's treatment; and everyone must live happily ever after.

Mr. Thomas contrived it all efficiently, but without inspiration. It was pleasant

when Margaretta Scott, as the aunt, objected to "Bare-Bosom'd Night" only for a single split infinitive. It was pleasant to note Hugh Williams's charged silence; and it was brave of Mr. Thomas not to allow Doris, the maid, to read the book and indulge in a comic flurry. Brave but maybe rather



"WHAT BUT PALE": "THE BOOK OF THE MONTH" (CAMBRIDGE THEATRE), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE COMEDY BY BARRY THOMAS, WITH (L. TO R.) JOANNA HALLIDAY (JUDY CAMPBELL), MARGARETTA SCOTT, EDWARD HALLIDAY (HUGH WILLIAMS), AND BETTY HALLIDAY (JANE GRIFFITHS). THE SCENE IS EDWARD HALLIDAY'S HOUSE NEAR CHELTENHAM.

disappointing, for Noel Dyson is a comedienne who can fizz, and no doubt she would have enjoyed a chance of fizzing in the last scene.

As we know from his football comedy, "Shooting Star," Mr. Thomas can be a neat dramatist. "Book of the Month" proved to be neat but pale, and it



"INORD BERGMAN, AN ACTRESS WITH LUMINOUS SINCERITY, SPEAKS JOAN SIMPLY: SHE DOES CREATE THE MAID, BUT WITHOUT ANY HELP FROM THE LONG STRETCHES OF SPOKEN MONOLOGUES." INORD BERGMAN, AS JOAN OF ARC, IN "JOAN OF ARC AT THE STAKE," DIRECTED BY ROBERTO RUSSOLINI, AT THE STOLL THEATRE. THE MUSIC IS BY A. HONIGER, TEXT BY G. CLAUDEL, AND ENGLISH VERSION BY DENNIS ARTHUR.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"WILD-GOOSE CHASE" (Embassy)—A young man called Chester Dreadnought is chased round and round a castle for farcical purposes. Our laughter is polite and intermittent. (Cinder 13.)

"JOAN OF ARC AT THE STAKE" (Stoll)—An operatic morality play fashioned by Paul Claudel (to Honigster's music). Joan of Arc, in her last moments at the stake, has a distorted picture of her life and trial. It is dazzling (and oddly muddled) in performance but the music helps, and Ingrid Bergman has the manner for Joan's spoken monologues, even if it is not a sort to move. (Cinder 20.)

"BOOK OF THE MONTH" (Cambridge)—What happens near Cheltenham when an adolescent girl who writes a sensational novel drags in her own family and friends. A comedy by Barry Thomas that, in spite of a promising idea and some sharp playing, has to fight to get through the evening. (Cinder 21.)

"TALES OF HOFFMANN" (Royal Opera House)—An elaborate revival of Offenbach's grand opera opens the Covent Garden season; Julius Patzak as Hoffmann, Edward Downes conducted the first performance; (decor by Wakhevitch. (Cinder 26.)

became paler, I think, by contrast with that purple patch. Towards the end of the comedy, as the house was duly put in order, we seemed to be looking at a dim sketch in water-colour. It was then that I went back in time; found myself borne away from the dignified Cambridge Theatre to the provincial "rep." where

I began my play-going; saw again the curtain, with the tale of Capri upon it, as it quavered shakily up; observed the dear oak set, with its blotches and joints, the ill-fitting french windows, and the rose-garden back-cloth, with those enormous bulbous roses that would have sent Mr. Clarence Elliott into helpless mirth. And I seemed to hear voices, suave, prickly, mannered, the voices of admired players now dead. . . . The illusion vanished: I was in the auditorium of the Cambridge "Book of the Month" approached its end in John Mortimer's excellent décor. The play, I realised wistfully, would have been a gift to my forgotten "rep." No doubt it will be one to other and more thriving companies in the future. There has to be a batch of pleasant routine comedies, the bread-and-butter of the stage; this is among them, blessed with an idea that, for a short space, is funny indeed, thanks to its single purple patch: a splash of grape-juice upon the bread.

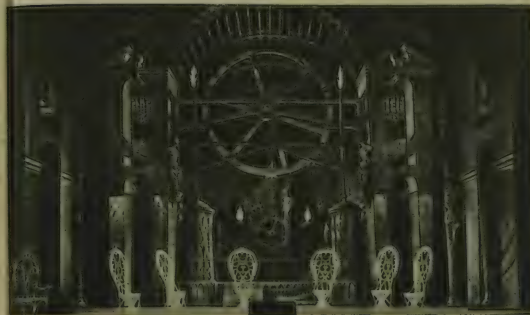
Two consecutive plays could hardly be less of a pair than "Book of the Month" (eight characters, one set) and "Joan of Arc at the Stake" (characters numbered in scores; scenes ranging from Heaven to hell-on-earth). It is difficult to grab the right label for this curious piece at the Stoll. By turns it is opera, drama, oratorio, ballet, mime: one vast purple patch. Perhaps it might be called an operatic morality play. At its centre is Joan of Arc. Paul Claudel, the French dramatist, presents to us the thoughts that pass in Joan's anguished mind while she stands bound to the stake. She sees her trial re-enacted with the personages of the court as wild beasts headed by Porcus (otherwise Cochon, a pun on the name of Cauchon, the real judge). Elsewhere there is a symbolic (and irritating) game of cards for her life; she remembers the King's entry to Rheims; she remembers her own Lorraine. At last, helped by the Virgin, she is released from her pangs.

The production is a fussy elaborate business that makes use of everything from magic-lantern effects to Roberto Rossolini's accomplished handling of the last crowd scenes in Rouen market-place. (But it is tiresome when we see the flames as they flicker implausibly about Joan, the old effect that was used, I think, for Mattos Estadado at the stake in Seville). Ingrid Bergman, an actress with a luminous sincerity, speaks Joan simply: she does create the Maid, but without any help from the long stretches of spoken monologues. Honigster's music is the most satisfying part of the night. It is often poignant, and we regret that so much of the singing has to float across to us from the side-boxes of the Stoll.

I cannot say that the night was really an emotional experience. The various styles did not join. Now and again, though rarely, we were genuinely shaken; but I would have given the entire proceedings for one sentence from Shaw's "Saint Joan," the last: "O God that madest this beautiful earth, when will it be ready to receive Thy saints?" . . .

So, at the end, back to routine theatre, and to the thick bread-and-butter of "Wild-Goose Chase" (Embassy). Derek Benfield, the dramatist, has not realised that the best farce must have one coherent idea: a launching-platform, it has been called, from which the farce must take flight. He has merely allowed incident to press upon incident, some comic, far too many not. My consolations during the evening were the light, fantastic manner of Leslie Phillips, who grows with every part; the baffled expression of that fine comedienne, Joan Haythorne, as she sailed, rudderless, upon illimitable waters; and the way in which the tale of the late Mrs. Honigster's fine production it was and whose name is inseparable from the Embassy, managed to keep the farce pot simmering.

THE COVENT GARDEN SEASON OPENS: A BRILLIANT PRODUCTION OF "THE TALES OF HOFFMANN."



"SPALANTANI'S HOUSE": THE MAGNIFICENT SETTING (BY WAKHEVITCH) FOR ACT I—"OLYMPIA THE DOLL," IN THE NEW PRODUCTION OF "THE TALES OF HOFFMANN," IN WHICH ARCHITECTURE AND ENGINEERING ARE INGENUOUSLY BLENDED.



THE PROLOGUE: IN THE TAVERN BELOW THE OPERA HOUSE HOFFMANN (JULIUS PATZAK) TELLS THE STUDENTS OF HIS THREE GREAT LOVES, WHILE LINDORF (HERMANN UHDE) (EXTREME LEFT) AWAILS HIS REVENGE.



OLYMPIA THE DOLL (MATTIWILDA DOBBS) AND THE POET HOFFMANN (JULIUS PATZAK), WHO PLAYED THE LEADS OF ACT I, WITH BRILLIANCE, CLARITY AND GREAT DISTINCTION, IN AN ACT MARKED BY GREAT VIVACITY.

The opera season at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, opened on October 26 with a brilliant and elaborate production of Offenbach's "The Tales of Hoffmann." This fantastic romantic opera has long staged at Covent Garden in 1937: and the present production is entirely new, using the spoken dialogue instead of the recitative, a version of the music as close as possible to Offenbach's intention, and playing the Venice act last of the three. The production was by Günther Rennert and the sets and costumes by Wakhevitch. The conductor was to have been D. E. Hughes but, owing to his illness the baton was taken by Edward Downes. The production was of the greatest vivacity, the impact of the boisterous Prologue



ANTONIA (ELSIE MORISON) SINGS HERSELF TO DEATH: THE SCENE IN CRESPEL'S HOUSE IN ACT II—A SOMBER FANTASY IN GERMAN VICTORIAN STYLE, WITH FILMY WALLS AND A SKELETON FIANTO.



THE RECEPTION IN SPALANTANI'S HOUSE: THE DOLL (MATTIWILDA DOBBS), ENCOURAGED BY HER INVENTOR, SPALANTANI (GERAINT EVANS), COMES FORTH FROM HER GOLDEN CAGE TO SING IN DAZZLING COLOURATURA.



ANTONIA THE SINGER (ELSIE MORISON), THE CENTRAL FIGURE OF ACT II, WHO SANG AND ACTED, WITH GREAT FEELING, THE ROLE OF THE SINGER WHO SINGS HERSELF TO DEATH.

IN THE VENETIAN SCENE: DAPERUTTO (HERMANN UHDE) PRODUCES THE MAGNIFICENT DIAMOND WITH WHICH HE TEMPTS HOFFMANN TO GIVE HER HIS REJECTION.

being particularly lively; and the sets, especially for the tavern (with its gigantic wine barrels) and for Spalantani's house, were extremely effective. The part of Hoffmann was sung by Julius Patzak, who looked and acted the part with great distinction, and whose last scene had a clarity unusual at Covent Garden. In this, however, he was matched by Hermann Uhde, who sang the linked parts of Lindorf, Coppelius, Dr. Miracle and Daperutto in the appropriate romantic-sinister vein. In the women's roles there are most opportunities for Olympia and Antonia which were seized respectively by Mattiwilda Dobbs, with great brilliance, and by Elsie Morison, with moving sincerity.

VARIED OCCASIONS IN MANY LANDS: NEWS ITEMS OF INTEREST.



CEREMONIALLY CELEBRATING THEIR 24-HOUR STRIKE: WORKERS ON THE TOKYO STOCK EXCHANGE, ESCORTED BY A STANDARD BEARER, SINGING A LABOUR SONG. The Tokyo Stock Exchange was closed on October 26 by a 24-hour strike of its 600 employees, for the first time in its history. The workers asked for a 60 per cent. wage increase, but the strike was called off after a meeting of the staffs.



A WORLD-FAMOUS CLOWN'S FAREWELL: GROCK ACKNOWLEDGING THE PLAUDITS AFTER HE HAD MADE HIS LAST STAGE APPEARANCE ON OCTOBER 30.

The last performance of Grock, the world-famous clown, in Hamburg on October 30, was televised; and may have been watched by 300,000 people. Grock, in private life Adrian Wettach, was born seventy-four years ago, the son of a Swiss watchmaker; and is retiring. He believes over 30 million people have seen him.



LEAVING NEWLYN, CORNWALL, FOR CANADA AT THE START OF HER LONG JOURNEY: THE LOWESTOFT TRAWLER *ADVISABLE* AND MEMBERS OF HER CREW.

The Lowestoft trawler *Advisable* has been purchased by Canadian owners, and her skipper and crew have signed on for six months' service in Canadian waters. She left Newlyn Harbour, Cornwall, on October 26, to start her voyage to the Azores and thence to Halifax, Nova Scotia.



IN TRIESTE TO TAKE PART IN THE CELEBRATION CEREMONIES MARKING THE END OF ALLIED MILITARY GOVERNMENT: VENETIAN GONDOLAS IN THE PORT.

Arrangements for a military parade on Nov. 3 and 4 in celebration of the end of Allied Military Government in Trieste were made; and, in addition, pageantry in which Venetian gondolas would feature, was planned. On October 29 General de Renzi resigned his powers to the new Prefect, thus formally ending military rule.



FIRE-FIGHTING EQUIPMENT TO ENABLE FIRE SERVICES TO DRAW WATER FROM A DEPTH OF 100 FT. AND PUMP IT TO JETS HALF A MILE AWAY: THE *BIKINI*. The *Bikini*, an inflatable rubber raft developed by Home Office experts, was demonstrated on the Mole, near Dorking, on October 27. It is propelled by a jet of water from one of its three pumps, which together can pump 1000 gallons of water a minute over distances of half a mile.



A GREAT FISH STORY FROM THE U.S.A.: MR. ARTHUR CLARK WITH HIS RECORD-BREAKING 60½-LB. BASS CAUGHT IN THE THIRD ANNUAL SURF FISHING TOURNAMENT AT NAG'S HEAD, NORTH-CAROLINA; AND LANDED AFTER AN HOUR AND 12 MINUTES BATTLE.

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NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

"THIS passionate, startling, deeply religious novel received the José Janés International Prize awarded by a jury which included Somerset Maugham and André Maurois"—which is a clear call to think highly of it—and the addition, that "it was a story which required delicate handling," warns us not only to esteem, but to tread carefully. Yet one can't do this for the subject; it must be said straight out that "Tower of Ivory," by Rodolfo L. Fonseca (Cape; 12s. 6d.), is about fourteen missionary nuns who have been raped by Chinese soldiers during a civil war. They are going home to Italy, under the wing of their strong-minded Superior, Mother Gabriela; and it appears that two of them are pregnant.

With that the startling element comes to an end. And it has all happened off-stage; what we perceive is only mental healing and religious conflict. Meanwhile for the cause of suffering, the root of the whole book, is for the sufferers taboo; they would be wrong to speak, or even think of it. And the tale echoes their reserve. Thus it is safe all through; one may feel, beautifully safe. Or one may feel that safety first was the wrong line; that such a theme requires, not to be delicately handled, but to be handled firmly. And one may ask if there were any women on the jury. . . .

In short, I thought it an aspiring failure; but it has tenderness and charm—and only too much drama as an afterpiece. At first, all these young creatures are in an agony of guilt and shame. Mother Gabriela tells them again and again that they have not sinned, that the Church won't abandon them—and yet they half-expect to be cast out. Instead, a "quiet place" is prepared for them, up in the mountains. But first they will be set at liberty; after a pause of thought, each may renew her vow, or return blamelessly into the world. Mother Gabriela saw no occasion for that; she is convinced that they won't leave, and is right for all of them, except the very young Sister Juana. This child was the most fervent of the group; but she is "one of those people who tear up a page freshly written if they have made a single blot." Now the page can't be torn, and she can't bear it. So she escapes "by the worst path"—for which Mother Gabriela is partly to blame. And then the rest withdraw into their solitude for ever more. Sister Hilaria's child is a boy, a frail, pathetic little monster, who destroys her reason; but Sister Praxedes has a beautiful little girl. And thenceforth she is torn in two, between the "glorious egoism" of maternity and the nun's total sacrifice.

Of Addolorata herself—at least of her adoption, marriage, and final conflict with Juana—it is impossible to say too little. Nor was I quite sure of the Villa Cesi, with its "wonderful peace," its "odour of eternity." For me, it has a slight tinge of the leper colony. These women have not sinned, they are the victims of shock; and they are licensed to get over it, on condition that they never do. But in Sister Juana's defection, the trial of the two mothers, and the delightful motherhood-by-proxy of the childless nuns, there is a great deal to admire.

OTHER FICTION.

"The English Flotilla," by Hugh Hickling (Macdonald; 12s. 6d.), presents a man's world in a special light; it is a tale of spiritual growth—of change, enlightenment and revelation.

Although Lieutenant Falconer, captain of landing-craft OIOI, has not the least desire to change. He is already perfect in his kind: a dashing, confident young buccaner, brilliant at sea, and a great favourite with the Flotilla Officer. He has the proper wardrobe interests—that is to say, drink, gambling and girls—and the true-blue contempt for Kenwright, a homely, cheerful little family man. His friend, as wardroom friendships go, is the luxurious and graceful Undershaff; but he has no real sympathy for anyone. This also is good form, and a delightful state. Yet at Fortross it is beginning to crack up. He gets two nasty jars, which are the thin edge of the wedge; he has a twinge of feeling for young Shanks, Undershaff's pimply rabbit of a midshipman; he discovers that Kenwright is not a bad sort. . . . Slowly his pleasant selfish being is undermined, until by D-Day there is nothing left of it. And his reward is a new vision of humanity.

But Falconer is only one part of the theme; and the great D-Day consummation is only one, although the biggest of its episodes. As the old Falconer breaks down, Shanks, the poor, earnest little grub, is building up; and there are other characters on almost the same plane. In fact the detail, with its sensibility and vision, greatly outshines the story.

"The Nightmare," by C. S. Forester (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), is a kind of synthetic documentary. These are the tales of Hitler's Reich; none of them really happened, but they could have happened—they can be matched from the historic sources. But, says the author, these are not readily available, or easy to get through; so that "it is hard for the average reader to become acquainted with the remarkable possibilities of unfettered power." Now they are brought within his ken; and the effect is naturally disagreeable. Also, of course, the tales are workmanlike and sometimes brilliant. One or two have a strong representative element; thus the dog-eat-dog theme has been summed up in "The Bower of Roses," and the generals' conspiracy in "Indecision." Others are more naïvely loathsome—but one can hardly complain of that. And yet there is an impulse to complain, and to regard the book as a *faux pas*: a feeling that documentaries are documentaries and tales are tales, and that they can't be substituted for each other.

"The Glass Village," by Ellery Queen (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), gives us detection without Ellery. Young Johnny Shinn is staying with his distant cousin the Judge at Shinn Corners—a poor, expiring village, with a Grandma Moses in its midst. Then she is killed, seemingly by a Polish tramp; and the village refuses to give him up. Last time a "furriner" killed a native, he was acquitted in the county court. They are not risking that again; if the police want him, they will have to fight for him. So to gain time, the Judge arranges a mock trial. Only it wouldn't help, but for young Johnny's sleuthing inspiration (which should have come a good deal earlier). This tale is meant to prove something about truth and justice, and hope for the world; but anyhow, it is a spirited performance and a grateful change.—K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

"TIGER! TIGER! BURNING BRIGHT . . ."

WHEN Colonel Corbett wrote his "Man-Eaters of Kumaon" it seemed to me that the last word had been said about this exciting subject. Apparently, however, the good Colonel knew better than to play all his aces at once, and so we now have "The Temple Tiger and More Man-Eaters of Kumaon" (Oxford University Press; 12s. 6d.). Once more the author, with his spare and austere style which only serves to heighten the effect, takes us into the big-game infested jungles of the lower slopes of the Himalaya. In those regions tigers and, less frequently, leopards, which have been wounded, or in other ways handicapped in the pursuit of their normal prey, are liable to turn man-eater. In that case, and particularly in remote regions, they can create a virtual reign of terror. For in isolated spots the unarmed villagers must graze their cattle on the edges of the jungle, where the tiger can lurk within sufficiently close distance either to launch the single spring, or the short rush followed by a spring, which is its normal method of making a kill. Happily, as Colonel Corbett says: "Tigers, except when wounded or when man-eaters, are on the whole very good-tempered. Were this not so it would not be possible for thousands of people to work as they do in tiger-infested jungles, nor would it have been possible for people like me to have wandered for years through the jungles on foot without coming to any harm." The trouble with a man-eater is, of course, that, unlike the normal "good-tempered" tiger, not only does he regard the man who is stalking him as an irritation, but also as a potential meal. As a result, the dangers of stalking a man-eater are very real indeed. Colonel Corbett, after the best part of a lifetime in indulging in a sport which is not only exciting but of immense benefit to the villagers of India, confesses, as any brave man will, that he is by no means unafraid. Nevertheless, experience and a knowledge of the warnings which sambhur, kalege pheasants and other inhabitants of the forest can give, diminishes and rationalises that fear, which is further controlled by the knowledge (oh, *si sic omnes*!) that when he fires a rifle he knows that the bullet is likely to go where he wants it to. In this new volume there is the fascinating story of the Temple Tiger, which the old priest told him no one could shoot, and which indulged first in an all-out battle with a Himalayan black bear, and then, to use a colloquialism, "made a monkey of the Colonel" as he sat up a tree. On this occasion the stalker was stalked, and the tiger approached the tree from the direction from which the Colonel could not possibly see it, and proceeded to stomp its claws on the trunk. "Purring with pleasure the tiger once again clawed the tree with vigour, while I sat on my branch and rocked with silent laughter." Not the least odd story is that of the Purnagiri lights, where Colonel Corbett was privileged to be the only European to see the sacred manifestations of the goddess Bhagbatti. After considering every possible rational explanation, Colonel Corbett comes to the conclusion that only a supernatural one will suffice. This is an incident in the story of the killing of the Talla Des man-eater which nearly cost Colonel Corbett his life. For once, owing to the clumsiness of some fool a few weeks previously, who had let off a large-bore rifle in his ear, shattering his ear drum and causing an appalling abscess, he was unaided in his stalk of this wounded, but highly dangerous, tigress by his ability to hear the other warning jungle sounds. However, all went well, and yet another district was freed of an animal which had terrorised it for at least eight years.

Equally exciting, though perhaps less easy to read, is "Nine Man-Eaters and One Rogue," by Kenneth Anderson (Allen and Unwin; 15s.). While Colonel Corbett's beneficent activities took him to the Far North, Mr. Anderson's appear to have been confined to Central or Southern India. Much that Mr. Anderson says about the habits of man-eating tigers and panthers bears out, or is borne out by, the views of Colonel Corbett, though I see that the two authors quarrel when Mr. Anderson says: "Sometimes the habit of man-eating is passed on by a tigress to her cubs." Colonel Corbett, on the contrary, sees little evidence of that. In the same way, while Colonel Corbett records occasions when a man-eating tiger or leopard has carried off a man, woman or child from the near neighbourhood of companions, Mr. Anderson says: "It is extraordinary how very cautious every man-eater becomes by practice, whether a tiger or a panther, and cowardly too. Invariably, it will only attack a solitary person, and that, too, after prolonged and painstaking stalking, having assured itself that no other human being is in the immediate vicinity." Perhaps, however, the man-eaters of Central India are less courageous than those of the North. In his interesting introduction, Mr. Anderson has a pleasantly informative style. His story tells itself, and a most exciting story it is.

It is an abrupt transition from nature red in tooth and claw to one of the most civilised societies the world has seen—the aristocratic society of eighteenth-century England. Michael Rysbrack, though now scarcely known, was one of the artistic finds of this Venetian oligarchy. As Mrs. M. I. Webb, the author of

"Michael Rysbrack, Sculptor" (Country Life; 42s.), points out, the great eighteenth-century sculptors have suffered from the appalling trash turned out in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Of the three greatest—Roubiliac, Scheenakers and Rysbrack—she agrees with their contemporary, Horace Walpole, that the third was the most notable. The time is overdue for a revival of interest in the portrait busts and ornamental sculpture of these fine artists, and Mrs. Webb's book, copiously illustrated, should do much to bring about that revival.

"One day," writes Mrs. Edith Templeton in "The Surprise of Cremona" (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 18s.), "I will write an anti-guide-book, in the same spirit as the medieval Popes set up anti-Emperors when the actual Emperor did not please them." Ignoring the somewhat muddled history revealed by that sentence, I can see what she means. This charming book about Cremona, Parma, Mantua, Ravenna and Urbino is quite unlike the ordinary guide-book. For one thing, it is delightfully written.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

I PICKED up recently a nicely-bound volume containing over 500 of *The Illustrated London News* weekly chess columns of 1867 to 1876. Comparisons between then and now, whether odious or not, were inevitable. One contrast struck me forcibly.

The article invariably commenced with replies "To Correspondents." I wonder how many editors nowadays would stand for such copy as "Edipus—We will examine the position," or "Black Watch—We shall endeavour to carry out your suggestion," or "G.H.V.—The required solution is given in the present number." It seems curious that such stuff should have been laboriously set up in type, proofed, corrected and published, year after year (in scores of other periodicals beside the *I.L.N.*!) when a few words on a postcard under a halfpenny (then) stamp would have answered the enquirer a week earlier and without inflicting meaningless matter on thousands of his fellow-readers.

How the pendulum has swung since! Perhaps such columns were the Victorian equivalent of the "personal touch" which is still cultivated to-day, even among the slickest of journalists, when they remember. Were readers thought to identify themselves with the enquirer and experience, albeit diluted, the thrill with which he saw his initials in print?

Come to think of it, whilst editors and writers have had to count their words with ever meaner parsimony, advertisers seem to have gone the other way. EPPS'S COCOA—THE BEST IN THE WORLD satisfied them in those days.

I cannot remember ever seeing chess columns advertised (of course, they don't need it). But "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS: Staunton on Chess" would have been more than enough for our great-grandfathers. Nowadays, on the other hand, if such a job had to be tackled, an army of artists and lay-out men would go into a huddle and bring out a sort of illustrated Forsyte saga. You would have a picture of a broken-down wreck of a man in process of being deserted by his betrothed and ostracised by his fellow chess-club members because he had just let the team down for the tenth time that season. "I just can't get going these days," he moans. "If I bring out my pieces, they get captured, and if I keep them at home, I'm smothered mated!" Next picture piles on the agony. His prostrate figure is seen collapsed over a wrecked position in a deserted club-room from which his erstwhile friends, pitying or derisive, have departed.

Picture No. 3. What is this? A ray of light! The kindly old caretaker is bending over him. "Sorry if I'm presuming, sir, but it makes my heart bleed to see you in this state. Why not have a word with Sir Blackrook Pawnpush? He did wonders for Mr. Foolsmate . . ."

Consults the specialist (an abashingly wise-looking guy). "My dear man, your trouble is clear. You are suffering from *I.L.N.*-starvation. There are two levels of chess. Your play is at the pawn level. Get down to queen level and you really will see things. And for that, I can recommend nothing better for you than a course of *The Illustrated London News* . . ."

From then on, all is a blaze of sunshine. The last picture shows our hero rising from the board on which his crushed opponent, the champion of Europe, has been beaten in eleven moves. Bystanders exchange thunderstruck comments: "Nothing like it since Morphy!" "Have you ever seen the Gruenfeld Defence so smashed?" Ten or twenty beautiful girls hang on his every word. Somebody asks, "Are you going to beat Botvinnik in that adjourned game?" "Of course!" he answers. Thinks: "Thanks to B. H. Wood and his *Illustrated London News* articles!"

Any periodical of Victorian days reveals this quaint fact, that the writers habitually used two words where to-day they would use one, whereas the advertisers do precisely the opposite.

Glancing again at those old "Chess Notes," I notice that they always stuck to chess. Thinks: Must keep more on the rails next week.

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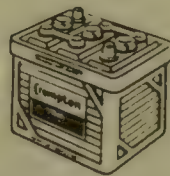
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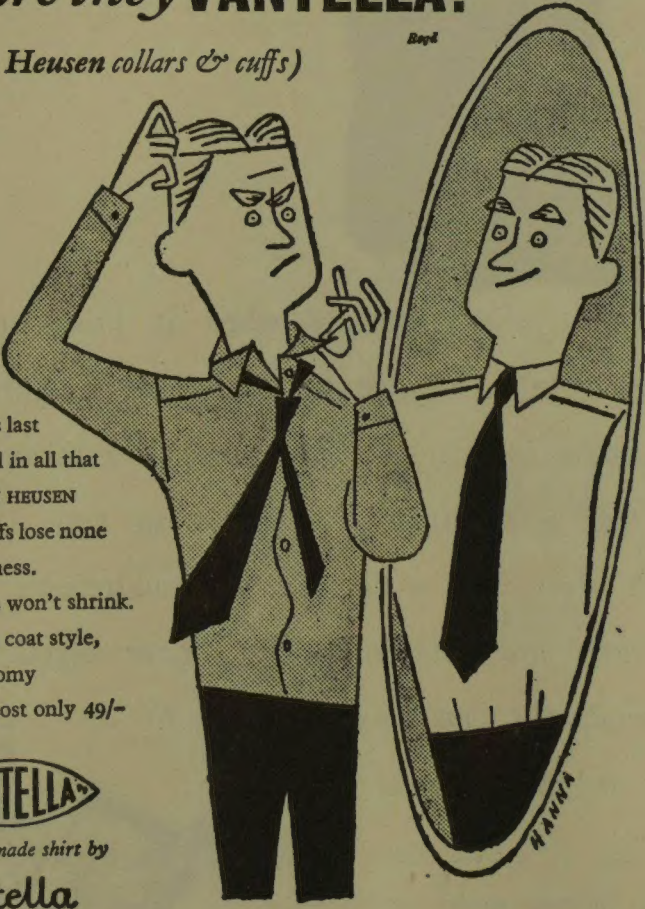
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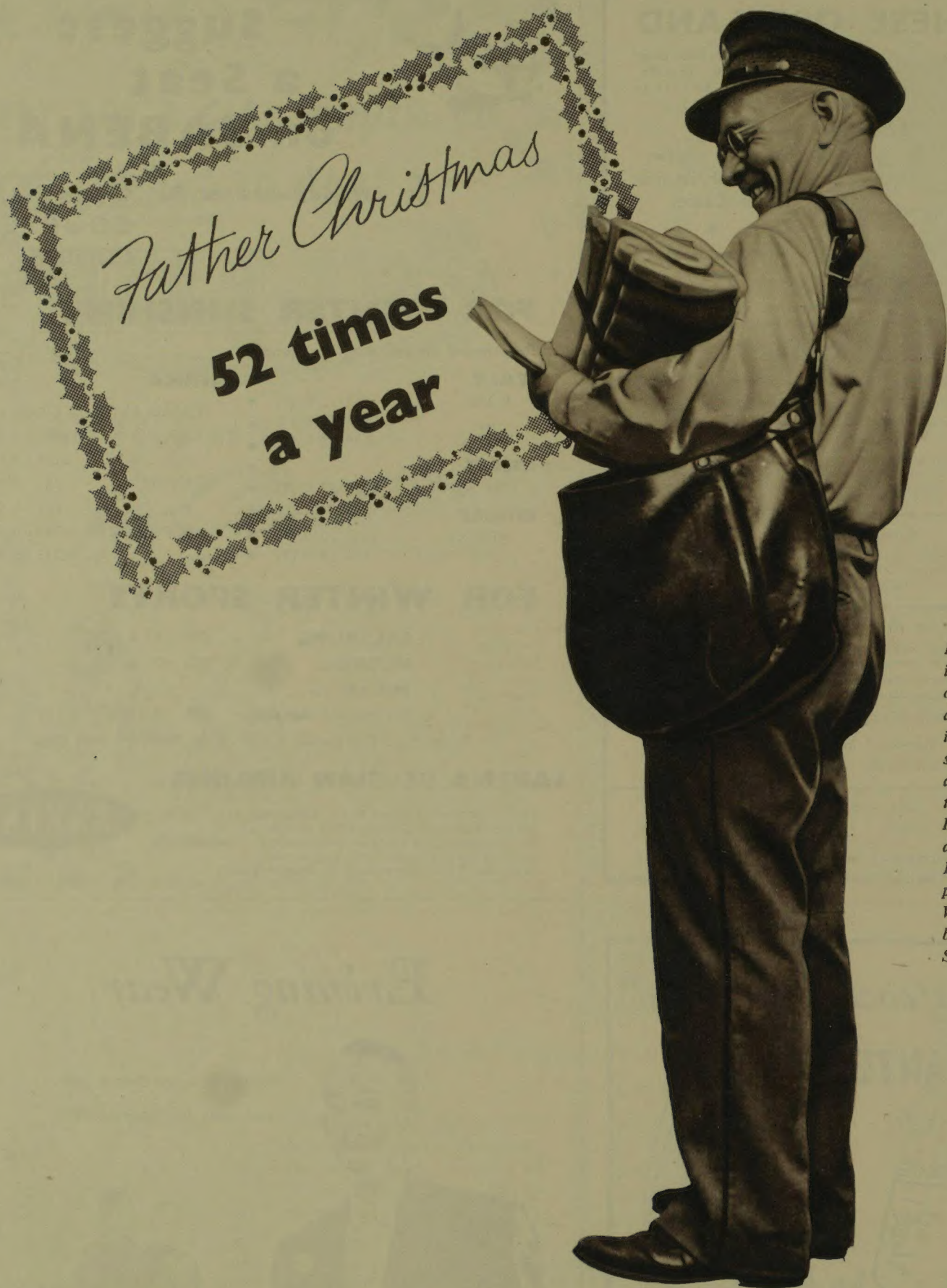
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